

THE
SCORNEFVLL
LADIE.

A Comedie.

As it was now lately Acted (with great
applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants,
at the Blacke-Fryers.

Written

By FRAN: BEAUMONT, and IO: FLETCHER,
Gentlemen.

The third Edition.



LONDON.

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1610.

THE
LIVELIHOOD
OF
THE
ACTORS
IN
THE
COURT
OF
LAW
AND
CHANCERY
AT
THE
COURT
HOUSE
IN
LONDON
1609

The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELLSE, a Suster to the Lady.

Young LOVELLSE, a Prodigall.

SAVILL, Steward to the eldest LOVELLSE.

LADY, and { two Sisters.
MARTHA,

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGALL, a waiting Gentlewoman.

WELFORD, a Suster to the Lady.

SIR ROGER, Curate to the Lady.

CAPTAIN,
A TRAVAILER, { hangers on to Young
POET, { LOVELLSE.
TOBACCO-MAN,

Wenchess.

Fidlers.

MORECRAFT, an Vsurer.

A rich Widdow.

Attendants.

THE SCORNFVLL LADY, A COMEDY.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

*Enter the two Lovers, Samil the Servard,
and a Page.*

Elder Loe:

BRother is your last hope past to mollifie *Moorecrafts*
heart about your *Morgage*?

Young Loe: Hopelessly past: I have presented
the Visiter with a richer draught then *Caes-
ptra* swallowed; hee hath suckt in ten thousand pounds
worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without
Trumpets.

EI. Lo. I haue as hard a taske to performe in this house.

Young Lo. Faith mine was to make an Visiter honest, or to
loose my Land.

EI. Lo. And mine is to perswade a passionat woman, or
to leave the Land.

To. Lo. Make thy boate stay, I feare I shall begin my vnfor-
tunate iourney this night, though the darkenesse of the night
and the roughnes of the waters might easilie dissuade an vn-
willing man.

Samil. Sir your Fathers old friends hold it the soundest
course for your body and estate to stay at home and marrie,
and propagate and gouerne in your Countrey, then to travell
and die without issue.

EI. Loe, Samil, you shall gains the opinion of a better
woman.

The Scornefull Lady:

servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoeuer my intents succeed.

To. Lo. Your Mistris Tongloue brother, the graue rub-
ber of your Mistris toes.

Enter Mistris Tongloue the waiting Woman.

El. Lo. Mistris Tongloue.

Tong. Master Loueliss, truly wee thought your sailes had
beene hoist : my Mistris is periwaded you are Sea sick e're
this.

El. Lo. Loues shee her ill taken vp resolution so dearely ?
Didst thou moue her from me ?

Tong. By this light that shines, theres no remouing her,
if shee get a stiffe opinion by the ehd. I attempted her to day
when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What crittall minute was that ?

Tong. When her sincke was ouer her eares : but she was
no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my seruice, and say, I desire to
see the deere cause of my banishment ; and then for France,

Tong. He doe't : harke hither, is that your brother.

El. Lo. Yes, haue you lost your memory ?

Tong. As I live hee's a pretty fellow. Exit.

To. Lo. O this is a sweete Bracke.

El. Lo. Why she knowes not you.

To. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her : to this
day she loues youth of eightene ; she heareth a tale how Cupid
strooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he
neuer saw her ; yet she in kindnesse would needs weare a wil-
low gauland at his wedding. She lou'd all the Players in the
last Queenes time once ouer : She was strooke when they
acted loue, and forsooke some when they plaid murthers.
She has nine sparryalls, and the seruants say shee hordes old
gold ; and she her selfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers
eldest sonne, or her Mistris husbands Clarke shall bee, that
marries her, shall make her a joyniture of foure score pounds a
yeare ; she telles tales of the leuving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her brother, I shall intreate you
only to salute my Mistris, and take leaue, wee'l part at the
Stairs.

Enter

The Scornefull Lady.

Enter *Lady* and *Waiting woman*.

La. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed : what's the rest ?

El. Lo. First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the gentleman hath receiued but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would haue beeene ready to haue done him freer courtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold commendations.

To. Lo. Lady, my salutation is cruce acquaintance and leane at once.

La. Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occasions.

Ex. To. Lo. Sancill.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

La. Its a cold Rome this ; Servant.

El. Lo. Mistres.

La. What thinke you if I haue a chimney foyt out here ?

El. Lo. Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed to beloue all your actions iustly, would apprehend himselfe wrong'd : But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. Tongloue, make a good fire aboue to warme me. After my seruants *Exordians*.

El. Lo. I haue heard and seene your affability to be such, that the seruants you give wages to may speake.

La. Tis true, tis true ; but they speake not purpose.

El. Lo. Mistres your will leades my speeches from the purpose. But as a man

La. A Simile seruant ? This roome was builte for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordians*, and *Similes* and *Metaphors* ? If you haue ought to say, becaue in 100'te my answers shall very reasonably meete you.

El. Lo. Mistres I came to see you.

La. Thats happily dispatcht, the next.

El. Lo. To take leane of you.

La. To be gon ?

El. Lo. Yes.

La. You

The Scornefull Lady.

La. You need not haue dispair'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leave to performe my command ; is there a third.

El. Lo. Yes, I had a third, had you beeene apt to heare it.

La. I ? never apter. Fast (good Servant) fast.

El. Lo. Twasto intreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it ?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiuenesse.

La. You wold stay at home ?

El. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistris, a woman, a weake one, wildly ouerborne with passions : but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Damers* dreadfull cliffe, passing in a poore waterhouse ; the dangers of the mercilfie channell twixt that and *Callis*, fve long houres sayle, with thre poore weekes vi^tuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then so land dumbe, vnable to crqaire for an English hoast, to remoue from Citie to Citie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quicke of his Mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistres, to bee in danger to forfaine her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your retурne, and haue tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. Lowderyēt.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seeke out dangers, moone me not with toyes : but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are vniust : was one kisse forst from you in publike by mee so vapardorable ? Why all the houres of day and night haue seene vs kisse,

La. Tis

The Scornefull Lady.

Lady. Tis true, and so you told the company that heard the chide.

Elder Lo. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

Lady. And so you told vrm.

Elder Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue stain'd your cheeke: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most vnspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

Lady. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

Elder Lo. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should give away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wise domme take too much loue vpon me, from her that choose mee for her Husband?

Lady. Believe me; if my wedding smocke were on,
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrift and Cakes eate and drunke off,
Were these two armes incompaſt with the hands
Of Bachelors to leade me to the Church,
Were my feete in the doore, were I *John*, said,
If *John* should boast a fauour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,
When you haue spent this yeare comodiously,
In atchicuing Languages, will at your retурne
Acknowleſe me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then ſuch a friend: More talke I hold not now
If you dare goe!

Elder Lo. I dare you know: First let me kiffe.

Lady. Farewell sweet Seruant, your taske perform'd,
On a new ground as a beginning Tutor,
I ſhall bee apt to heare you.

Elder Lo. Farewell cruell Mistrefſe. *Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loueloffe and Santl.

B

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

Young Lo: Brother youle hazard the loosing your tide to
Grauefond: you haue along halfe mile by Land to *Greenewich*?

Elder Lo: I goe: but Brother, what yet vneathid of course
to live, doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordi-
nary meanes are deuour'd?

Young Lo: Course, why horse-courſing I thinke. Consump-
no time in this: I haue no estate to be mended by meditati-
on: hee that busies himſelfe about my fortunes may properly
be ſaid to busie himſelfe about nothing.

Elder Lo: Yet ſome course you muſt take, which for my fa-
tisfaction reſolute and open; If you will ſhape none, I muſt in-
formē you that, that man but perſuades himſelfe hee meanes
to live, that imagines not the meanes.

Young Lo: Why liue vpon others, as others haue liued vpon
me:

Elder Lo: I apprehend not that: you haue fed others, and
consequently dispos'd of v'm: and the ſame meaſure muſt you
expet from your maintainers, which will bee too heauy an al-
teration for you to beare.

Young Lo: Why ile purſe; if that raise mee not, ile bet at
bowling alleyes, or man Whores; I would faime liue by o-
thers: but ile liue whilſt I am vahang'd, and after the thoughts
taken.

Elder Lo: I ſee you are ty'd to no particular imploiment
then?

Young Lo: Faith I may choose my course: they ſay nature
brings forth none but ſheep prouides for them: ile trye her
liberalitie.

Elder Lo: Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dange-
rous paths. I haue reſolued you ſhall liue as Maſter of my
Houſe. It ſhall bee your care ſanſit to ſee him fed and clothed,
not according to his preſent estate, but to his birth and for-
mer fortunes.

Young Lo: If it bee reſerued to him, if I be not found in Ca-
arnation iearſie flockins, blew diuels breeches, with the guards
downe, and my pocket iſt ſcenſes, ile ne're looke you i'ch
face againe.

Sa: A comelier wearſ I waffe it iſt then thoſe dangling flops..

Elder Lo:

The Scornefull Lady.

EI: Lo: To keepe you readie to doe him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these further directions in writing, which at your best leasure together, open and reade.

Enter Youngloue to them with a Jewell.

Abig.; Sir, my Mistresse commends her loue to you in this token, and these words ; it is a Jewell (she fayes) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeares travale bee performed : which once expired, she will haftily expect your happie returne.

EI: Lo: Returne my seruice with such thankes, as she may imagine the heart of a sodainly ouer-joyed man would willingly vster, and you I hope I shall with flender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond, that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget mee ; you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remeber and speake of mee : She will haue thee better then those allied by birth to her ; as we see many men much swayed by the gromes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets,

Abi. A my credyt I swaere, I think it was made for mee : Feare no other Sutors.

Elder Lome: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maides swaere they found patters in their beds.

Abi. I know, I know, and doe not you scare the Sutors.

Elder Lo: Farewell, be mindfull, and be happie ; the night calls me.

Exiunt omnes propter Youngloue.

Abi. The Gods of the Windes befriend you Sir, a constaunce and a liberall Louer thou art, more such God send vs.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let vs not stand still, we haue rid ?

Abi: A sutor I know by his riding hard, he not be seene,

Wel. A prettie Hall this, No Seruant in't ? I would looks freshly,

The Scornefull Lady.

Abig. You haue delineted your arrant to me then: there's no danger in a hanfome young fellow: He shew my selfe.

Wel. Lady may it please you to bestow vpon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady I should bee as proud to be a Servant of yours; did not my so late acquaintance make mee dispaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieue, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable wordes, I remaine your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home.

Abig. She is no strangler Sir:

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speake with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable vertue will bee moued to per-
suade her, that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offer to
bee bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this messe to her; but if you aime
at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-
holds of good carriage and governement; vpon any of which
if you car. cast your affection, they will perhaps bee found as
faithfull and not so coy. *Exit Younglasse.*

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come
a wooing, and I am the courted partie. This is right Court
fashion: Men, Women, and all woo, catch that catch may.
If this soft-hearted woman haue infuled any of her tender-
nestle into her Ladie, there is hope shee will bee pliyant. But
who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Roger. God save you Sir. My Lady lets you know shee de-
sires to bee acquainted with your name, before shee conferre
with you?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Roger. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. I le trye
his wit.

Wel. I will vphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had
this two hundred yeares Sir.

Roger. I

The Scornfull Lady.

Roger. I knew a worshipfull and a Religious Gentleman of your name in the Bysh pricke of *Durham*. Call you him Cousen?

Wel. I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry th: badge of your Christianitie with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Creste? there's a tesser?

Roger. I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gaue you at the Font.

Wel. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you haue told me who gaue mee that name. Shall I beg your name?

Roger.

Wel. What roome fill you in this house?

Roger. More roomes then one.

Wel. The more the merriest. But may my boldnesse know, why your Ladie hath sent you to decipher my name?

Roger. Her owne words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Sutor, di goode di this message: for I can allure you she delights not in *Thalamus: H:men*, and shee are at variance. I shall returne with much hast.

Exit Roger.

Wel. And much speed Sir, I hope: certaintely I am affriued amongst a Nation of new found fooles: on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreseen it, I would haue laded my breeches with belts, kniues, copper, and glass:es, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I should haue betrayed my selfe to a needless charge then: heres the walking night-cup againt.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, my Ladie's pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded mee to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come vp for so bad enter-tainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

The Scornefull Lady.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the men-
ding of all vnder this roose, from my Lady on her downe bed,
to the maide in the Peale. *Draw*.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No Sir, I inculcate Diuine Service within these Wals.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this house doe often employ
you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I doe take the ayre many mornings on foot, thre
or fourre miles for egges: but why mooue you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to
bid my man to neglect his herte a little to attend on me.

Roger. Most properly Sir.

Wel. I pray you doe so then: and whilst I will attend your
Lady. You dñe ~~et~~ all this house in the true way?

Roger. I doe Sir?

Wel. And this doore I hope conductes to your Lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenuous. *Ex, fenerally*

Enter young Louelesse and Saui, with a

writing

Sa. By your fauour Sir, you shall pardon me?

To. Lo. I shall beare your fauour Sir, crosse me no more; I say they shall come in.

Saui. Sir, you forget one, who I am?

To. Lo. Sir, I doe not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his
cast off mill-money, his Kitchen-Archetick.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make solittle of me?

To. Lo. I makethee not so little as thou art: for indeede
there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire
Imprisis, and then a reasonable *item* infus'd into him, and
the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you?

To. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hoppes grow, or
hold some rotten discourse of Sheepe; or when our Lady day
fals? Prethe farewel, and enteraine my friends, *Scd* *funke*,
and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare sparkes of valuest
thou and I.

Sa. Good Sir remember?

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

To L.: I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almantkes, and Horse-failes, and rose by hony and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa.: Nay then I must vsold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behind him.

Young Lo.: P. ethere expound the first.

Sa.: I leave to keepe my houle three hundred pounds a yeare; and my Brother to dispose of it.

Young Lo.: Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it?

Saui.: Whilsh hee beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young Sir, marke that.

Young Lo.: Nay, if it be no more I shall swifflie whilst my legges will carrie mee ille beare my selfe Gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward d. are Steward,

Saui.: Next it is thy will, that hee bee furnish'd (as my Brother) with attendance, apparell, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo.: Steward this is a plaine as your old minikin breeches. Your wisedome will relent now, will it not? Bee mollified or —— you understand me Sir, proceed?

Saui.: Next, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lo.: He heare no more this *Aperryphæ*, bind it by it selfe Steward.

Saui.: This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw vnto you. Cspaines of Gallyfoists, such as in a cleare day haue seene *Calys*, fellowes that haue no more of God, then their Othes comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remenant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Marchants, that set vp with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorn hope of Poets, and all these looke like *Carthusians*, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lo.: I will eyther conuert thee (O thou Pagan Stew-
ard).

The Scornefull Lady.

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings. who's there? call in the Gentlemen.

Saul. Good Sir.

To. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Saul. Are you my masters Brother?

To. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old Ephimerides?

Enter his Comrades, Capteine, Traveller.

Saul. Then God helpe all I say.

To. Lo. I, and tis well said my old peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcom Gentlemen; mine owne deere Lads y'are richly weloome. Know this old Harry Groat.

Cap. Sir I will take your loue.

Saul. Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap. And study to continue it.

Saul. I doe beletue you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and masters Brother, hath given you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

Saul. Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be car'd out. Sir are these the pecces?

To. Lo. They are the Mortals of the age, the vertues, Men made of gold.

Saul. Of your gold you meane Sir,

To. Lo. This is a man of warre, and cryes go on, and weares his colours.

Saul. In's nose.

To. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Trauailer Sir, knowes men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so farre till both the Poles haue knockt, has scene the Sunne, take Coach, and can distingue the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a Flanders Mare leapt there.

Sa. Tis much.

Tra. I haue seen more Sir.

Sa. Tis cuen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of, has a notable gift in't,

To. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

Young Lo: This ministres the smoake, and this the Muses.
Saul. And you the clothes and meate, and mony, you haue
a goodly generation of vs, pray let them multiply, your Bro-
thers house is big enough, and to say truth, h'as, too much
Land, hang it durt.

Young Lone: Why now thou art a losing stinkard. Fire off
thy Annotations and thy Rent Booke, thou haft a weake
braine *Saul,* and with the next long Bill thou wil run mad.
Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred
pounds a yare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Loue-left.*

Poer. A serious looke shall bee a Iury to excommunicate
any man from our company.

Travel. We will not talke wisely neyther?

Young Lo: What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Rene-
ne v in drinke?

Capt. I am all for drinke.

Travel: I am dycy till it be so.

Poer: He that will not cry Amen to this, let him live so-
ber, seeme wise, and dye a death *Corum.*

Young Lo: It shall bee so, we'll haue it all in drinke, let meat
and lodgynge goe, th'are transitory, and shew men meereley mor-
tall: then we'll haue wenches, every one his weach, and every
weeke a fresh one: we'll keepe no powdred flsh: all these we
haue by warrant, vnder the title of things necessarie. Heere,
vpon this place I ground it: the obediencie of any people, and
all necessaries: Your opinions Gentlemen

Capt: Tis plaine and euident, that be meant wenches.

Saul. Good Sir, let me expound it?

Capt: Here bee as sound men, as your selfe Sir.

Poer: This doe I hold to bee the interpretation of it?
In this word *Necessarie*, is concluded all that bee helpes
to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the
chiefest.

Young Lo: Beleue me tis a learned one and by these words;
The obediencie of my people, (you Steward being one) are
bound to fetch vs wenches.

Capt: He is, he is.

Young Lo: Steward, attend vs for instructions!

The Scornefull Lady.

Sauil. But will you keepe no house Sir ?

Young Lo. Nothing but drinke Sir, three hundred pounds
in drinke.

Sauil. O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it.
Good Sir keepe some meate.

Young Loue. Get vs good Whores, and for your part,
Ile board you in an Alehouse, you shall haue Cheese and
Onions.

Sau. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking ?
Well Prodigall, your brother will come homr. Exit.

To. Lo. Come Lads Ile warrant you for wenchs, three,
hundred pouads in drinke. Exeunt omnes

ACT VS, 2. SCÆNA, I.

Enter *Lady*, her syster *Martha, Welford,*
Youngloue, and others.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging. I must bid you
good night.

Wel. Lady is there be any want, tis in want of you ?

Lady. A litle sleepe will easie that complement. Once
more good night ?

Wel. Once more deare *Lady*, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Deare Sir be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow proue better to mee, shall I hope
my sure happyer by this nights rest.

Lady. Is your sute so sickly that rest will helpe it ? Pray ye
let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had
all my welcome : but had I knowne your errand ere you
came, your passage had beeene straighter. Sir, good night.

Welford. So faire, and cruell deare vnkinde good-
night Exit *Lady*.

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, Ile preffre your zeale so farre.

Roger. O Lord Sir.

Wel. Doe you loue Tobacco ?

Roger.

The Scornefull Lady.

Roger Surely I loue it, but it loues not me; yet with your reverence Ile bee bold.

Wel. Pray light it Sir. How doe you like it?

Roger I promise you it is notable stinging gaere indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Rheume?

Wel. Handle it againe Sir, you haue a warme text of it.

Rog. Thankes euer promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certaintly it mooues in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does so Sir, and me especially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-capp.

Roger Assuredly I will speake the truth vnto you: you shall understand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that visibla beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certaintly hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of you graue Callocke? The offence Sir?

Roger Reprouing him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing; you haue the totall surely.

Wel. You told him when his rage was set a tilt, and so hee cast your Cannons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Roger. Haue patience Sir vntill our fellow Nicholas be decast, that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken: to sleepe to dye, to dye to sleepe a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Roger Not till the man be in his bed, his graue: his graue, his bed: the very same againe Sir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimaq; est*, hee is full of loope-holes, and will discouer to oare Patronesse.

Wel. Your comment Sir has made me understand you.

*Enter Martha the Ladies Sister, and Young loue,
to them with a Pesser.*

Rog. Sir bee address, the graces doe salute you with the full boyle of plentie. Is our olde enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe?

Rog. And does he shone out supinely with the Post?

The Scornefull Lady.

Mur. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel: Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

Mar: Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

Abigail. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Ladie, a Gentleman so well indured with parts, should not be lost.

Wel: I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this toule familiar chewes the Cudde: From thee, and threc and fiftie, good Loue deliuer me.

Mar: Will you sit downe sir, and take a spoone?

Wel: I take it kindly Lady.

Martha: It is our best banquet Sir?

Roger: Shall we giue thankes?

Wel: I haue to the Gentlewomen already Sir.

Mar: Good sir *Roger*, keepe that breath to coole your part o'th posset, you may chance haue a scalding zale else: and you will needs bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir?

Wel: I would your sister wou'd like me as well Ladie.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; shee's onely wedded to her selfe, lyes with her selfe, and loues her selfe; and for another husband then her selfe, bee may knocke at the gate, but nere come in: bee wise sir, shee's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, shee cannot loue you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least greefe Mistresse *Martha*:

Wel: Now I must ouer-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all withall my heart; I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

Abig: Sir, willyou put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

Mar: Well said old sayings.

Welford: Shee lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweet selfe has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig: Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change sir?

Wel: My selfe for you, so please you. That smale has turn'd my stomacke: This is right the old Embleame of the Moyle
cropping,

The Scornefull Lady.

cropping off Thistles : Lord what a hunting hied shee carries,
sure she has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now loue de-
liver mee.

Rog. : Doe I dreame, or doe I wake? surely I know not: am
I rub'd off? is this the way of all my morning Prayers? Oh
Roger, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for
this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and woosed
her in *Heroycall Epistles*? Did I expound the *Owle*, and vn-
derooke with labour and expence the recollection of those
thousand Peices, contain'd in Cellars, and Tobacco shops of
that our honour'd *Engleffor man Ni: Br*? Have I done this,
and am I done thus too? I will end with the *Wife-man*, and
say, shee that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mart. : Sir 'tis so late, and our entertaimement (meaning
our posset) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnman-
nerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the
house has be at your command Sir?

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you
desire too. *Exodus.*

Abig. : It shoulde be some such good thing like your selfe then.

Wel. : Heaven keepe me from that curio, and all my Issue,
Good night Antiquitie.

Rog. : *Solamen Misericordis habuisse Doloris*: but I alone.

Wel. : Learned Sir, will you bid my man comerto me? and
requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night,
good Master *Roger*.

Rog. : Good Sir, peace be with you. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. : Adue deare *Domine*. Halfe a dozen such in a King-
dome would make a man forswere confession: for who that
had but halfe his wits about him, would commit the counsell
of a serious sinne to such a cruell night-cap? *Enter servant.*
Why how now shall we haue an *Antique*? Whole head doe you carry upon your shoulders, that you
ioie it so aginst the Post? Is't for your easle? Or haue you
seen the *Sellor*? Where are my slippers sir?

Sir. : Here Sir.

Wel. : Where Sir? haue you got the pot verdugo? haue you
seen the *Horses* Sir?

Sir. : Yes Sir.

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel. Haue they any meate?

Ser. Faith Sir, they haue a kind of wholsome Rushes, Hay
I cannot call it.

Wel. And no pouenderet?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith Sir, heere are no oates to be got, vnlesse youle
haue vni porridge: the people are so mainely given to
spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coachmaraes of the Gentle-
womans, the strangest Cattell.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparant Sir, you may see through
them, and such a house?

Wel. Come Sir, the truth of your discouerie.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kirchin and the
Dayrie make on tribe, and haue their faction and their for-
nication within themselues; the Bury and the Landry are a
nother, and there's no lous lost; the chambers are intire, and
whats done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge:
but this I am sure, betweene these copulations, a stranger is
kep: vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir.

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your pati-
ence will give mee leasure. This drinke, or this cooling tulip,
of which three spoonfuls kille Calenture, spine breeds
the cold Palsie.

Wel. Sir, you bely the house:

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if twere but
one degreec colder, nothing but an Asses hoofe would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir, for if it had pouned stronger, you
had beene tonguz. tide of these commendations. Light me the
candle Sir, heare no more.

Exeunt.

Enter Young Loueliss and his Comrades, with men.

To: Lo: Come my braue men of warre, tracce out thy darling,
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close Loueliss
My Moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Ent. With Wives.*
Strike vp you merrie varlets, and leaue your peeping.

This

The Scornefull Lady.

This is no play for Fidlers?

Capt. O my deere bay, thy *Hercules*, thy *Captaine*,
Makes thee his *Hiles*, his delight, his solace,
Loue thy braue man of warre, and let thy bounty.
Clap him in *Shamoir*: Let there be deducted out of our maine
Five Markes in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation
Cramp't with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battels.

To, Lo: Thou shalt haue boy, and fly in feather,
Leade on a March you Michers.

Enter Saul.

Saul. O my head, O my heart, what a noyse and change is
here: would I had beene col'd ith mourt before this day, and
nere haue liu'd to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a
myle of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noyse
of an iron Mill. There's a dead Sea of drinke ith Seller, in which
goodly vessells lye wrackt, and in the middle of this deluge ap-
peares the tops of flagons and blacke jacksons, like Churches
drown'd ith marshes.

To, Lo: What art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias* wel-
come to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court
her in a dance.

Sau. Good Sir consider?

To, Lo: Shall we consider Gentlemen. How say you?

Capt. Consider? that were a simple toy i faith, consider?
whose morals that? The man that cryes consider is our foe:
let my steele know him.

Young Lo: Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet:
prethee be calme my *Heller*?

Capt. Peasant flauie, thou groome, compos'd of gruddings,
live and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Plus* else.
The next consider kils thee.

Tran: Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon
of Sacke?

Poet: Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe
it kneeling in repentance.

Saul: Nay rather kill me, theres but a lay man lost. Good
Captaine doe your office?

Young Lo: Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my
Steward, Strike him a horne-pipe squeakers, take thy Striver,
and

The Scornefull Lady.

and pace her till she strew.

Sayl. Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let mee goe ?

C p. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Young Lo. Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and bee drunke and daunce, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeate.

Pies. And three quarters ?

Young Lo. And three quarters bee it.

Capt. Who knockes there ? let him in.

Enter Elder Loueloffe disguised.

Sayl. Some to deliuer mee I hope,

Elder Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my busynesse is to see Master Loueloffe ?

Capt. This is the Gentleman you meane ; view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one ;

Elder Lo. He promises no leffe Sir.

Young Lo. Sir, your busynesse ?

El. Lo. Sir, I shold let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

Young Lo. Out with it a Gods name :

Elder Lo. All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not mou'd more,

Young Lo. Then a potte of lache will doe, her's my hand, prethee thy busynesse ?

Elder Lo. Good Sir excuse me, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke must haue bee ne knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discreet, and beare it nobly.

Young Lo. Prethee dispatch me ?

Elder Lo. Your Brothers dead Sir ?

Young Lo. Thou dost not meane dead dranke ?

Elder Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

Young Lo. Art sure he's dead ?

Elder Lo. Too sure Sir ?

Young Lo. I but art thou very certainlye sure of it ?

Elder Lo. As sure Sir, as I tell it.

Young Lo. But art thou sure he came not vp againe ?

Elder Lo.

The Stormfull Lady.

Elder Lo. He may come vp, bat were to call you Brother?

Young Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

Elder Lo. Sure Sir, he wanted none.

Young Lo. I would nor haue him want, I lou'd him better; heere I forgive thee: and I faith bee plaine, how doe I heare it?

Elder Lo. Very wifely Sir.

To. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mood, these transitorie toyes never trouble me, hee's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would haue cryed now, and haue curst thee, and faine out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpe not, hee was too good for vs, and let God keepe him: there's the right wif on't friend. Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spise of Sorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Sam'l.* your Masters dead, and who am I now *Sam'l?* Nay, let's all heare it well, wif *Sam'l* wif, teares are but throwne away: wee shall haue wenches now shall we not *Sam'l*?

Sam'l. Yes Sir.

Young Lo. And drinke innumerable.

Sam'l. Yes forsooth.

Young Lo. And youle straine curfie and be dranke a little.

Sam'l. I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake endeavour.

To. Lo. You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

Sam'l. In time the sturt? Oake Sir?

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

Elder Lo. I shall be drunke anon for my good newes, but I haue a louing Brother, that's my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the work I will you for your newes: and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his chance to feede Haddoekes, I should be still the same you see me now, a Poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

Elder Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginnig. Well my deare brother, if I scape this drowning, 'tis your curse next to sinke, you shall ducke twice before I helpe you. Now I cannot drinke more; pray let me haue your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord Sir, 'tis your moche: more wine, give him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shal

The Scornefull Lady.

bee my chiefe mourner.

Capt. : And this my peanon a Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

Elder Lo. : I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God they beare this out, and ile never trouble them so far againe. Heere's to you Sir ?

Young Lo. : To my deare Steward, downe at your knees you infidell, you Pagan ; be drunke and penitent.

Saul. : Forgiue me Sir, and ile be any thing ?

Young Lo. : Then be a Baud, ile haue thee a braue Baud.

Elder Lo. : Sir, I must take my leaue of you my busynesse is so urgent.

Young Lo. : Lets haue a bridling taft before you go. Fills a new Roospe.

Elder Lo. : I dare not Sir, by no meanes.

Young Lo. : Haue you any mind to a wench ? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

Elder Lo. : As little as to the other.

Young Lo. : If you find any stirring doe but say so.

Elder Lo. : Sir, you are too bounteous, when I feele that itch-
ing, you shall asswage it Sir, before another : this onely and
farewell Sir. Your brother when the storme was most ex-
treme, told all about him, he left a will which lies close be-
hind a Chimney in the matted Chamber : and so as well Sir,
as you haue made me able, I take my leaue.

Young Lo. : Let vs imbrace him all : if you grow drie before
you end your busynesse, pray take a baite here, I haue a fresh
hoghead for you.

Saul. : You shall neither will nor chuse Sir. My Master is a
wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine stately, a very fine stately
Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his man.

Elder Lo. : Would you were your owne sir, as I left you.
Well I must cast about, or all sinkes.

Saul. : Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

Elder Lo. : What would you with me sir ?

Saul. : Farewell Gentleman.

Elder Lo. : O sleepe Sir, sleepe.

Young Lo. : Well boyes, you see what a faine, lets in and drinke,
and give thankes for it,

Capt.

The Scornefull Lady.

Cap. Let's give thankes for it.

To. La. Drunke as I live.

Sas. Drunke as I live boyes.

To. Lou. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine of-
fice, and cast vp a reckoning of somewaight; I will be knigh-
ted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteene hundred boyes: off
with your husks, Ile skin you all in Sattin.

Cap. O sweet Louelesse!

Sas. All in Sattin? O sweet Louelesse.

Young Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my
Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed weto the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morescraft the Ffurer, and Widdow.

Mores: And Widdow as I say be your owne friend: your
husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duse,
continue so. Take heed of young smooth Verlers, younger
brothers: they are wormes that will eate through your baggs:
they are very Lightning, thar with a flashe or two will melt
your money, & neuer singe your purse strings: they are Colts,
wench Colts, hddy, and dangerous, till wee take vnyvp, and
make vny fit for Bonds: looke vpon mee, I haue had, and
haue yet matter of moment gyre, matter of moment; you may
encote with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

Wid. Not I neither Sir?

Mos. Yet thus farre by your fauour Widdow, tis tuffe.

Wi. And therefore not for my dyet, for I haue a tender one.

Mor: Sweet Widdow leaue your frumps, and be edfieds
you know my state, I tell no peripetues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor
Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoe. ties; and where your Hus-
band in an age was rising by burnt figs, drig'd with meale and
powdered sugar, saunders, and graine, wormesed and rotten
Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the footemen man-
gie; I, in a yeaire haue put vp hundreds inclos'd, my Widdow,
those pleasant Meadowes, by a forteit morgage: for which
the poore Knight takes a loue chamber, owes for his Ale, and
dare not beate his Hostesse: nay more——

Wid. Good Sir no more, what ere my Husband was, I know
what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it branly
off Sir.

The Scornefull Ladie.

Moree. Not with the head, sweet widdow.

Wid: No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must haue you dub'd, for vnder that I will sciope a feather. My Husband was a fellow, lou'd to toyle, sedill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew costiue, which for I was his wife, & gaue way to, and span mine owne smockes course, and sir, so littell: but let that passe, Tyme, that weares all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitlesse fve yeares marriage, left me great vith his wealth, which if youl bee a worthie godspie, be knighted Sir?

Moree. Now Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you Sir?

Saul: Sir, I come from young Master Louesoffe.

Mo. Be silent Sir, I haue no money, nor a penny for you, he's sunke, your Masters sunke a perisht man Sir.

Saul. Indeed his Brother is sunke Sir, God bee with him a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Moree. How faidst thou, good my friend, his Brother

Saul: Untimely sir, at sea, or else to land (drown'd?)

Moree. And thy young master left sole Heyre?

Saul. Yes Sir.

Moree. And he wants money?

Sa. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mo: Widdow be wise, there's more Land comming widdow be very wise, and giue thankes for me widdow.

Widdow: Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then giue thankes for me Sir!

Saul: What sayes your worship to this money?

Moree: I say he may haue money if he please.

Saul: A thousand Sir?

Mo: A thousand sir, prouided any wile sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise —

Enter Young Louesoffe and Comrades to her

Saul: He's here himselfe Sir, and can better tell you.

Mo: My notable deare friend, and worthy Master Louesoffe, and now right worshipfull all joy and welcome.

To. Lo. Thanks to my deare incloster Master Moreecraft, prethee old Angell gold, salute my family, He doe as much for yours; this, and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And

The Scornefull Lady.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a hansom Gentleman.

To. Lo. Sirrah, my Brothers dead.

More. Dead?

To. Lo. Dead, and by this time soulst for Ember Weekke.

Morescraft. Dead?

Young Lo. Drownd, drown'd at sea Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

Mo. Now by my faith of my body it moves me much.

To. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Asse, & weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee prett & be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

Morescraft. O ha shelo?

Young Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I haue all boy, haft any ready money?

Morescraft. Will you sell Sir?

Young Lo. No not battight good Gripe; marry, a morgage, or such a slight Securitie.

M. rec. I haue no money sir for morgage; If you will sell, and all or none, I'll worke a new Mine for you.

Sam'l. Good Sir looke atore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell all your Land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seeke your Brother, and there lycked in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with biskers and hard beefe that must haue watering sir: and where's your 300. pounds a yeare in drinke then? If you'll tunne up the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your Ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot boate, and a bottle of U/quebaugh, come home poore men, like a tipe of Thames streete stinking of Pitch and poore John. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Asse, a meaze'd mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my loueraigne friend heere, I would break your fore, casting coxe combe, dogge I would beaten with thy staffe of office there, thy pen and Inkeborne. Noble boy, the God of gold here has fed thee well, take mony for thy durt: harke and beleene, thou art cold of constitucion, thy seate vndealtnull, sell and bee wise; wse are these that will

The Scornefull Lady.

adorne thee, and live according to thine owne heart childe ; mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall bee the blacke eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

Poet : Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may live without the charge of people, onely wee fourt will make a family, I, and an age that will beget new Annals, in which ile write thy life my Sonne of pleasure, equall with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Young Lo : What men were they Captaine ?

Capt : Two roring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

Young Lo : Come Sir, what dare you give,

Sa. You will not sell Sir *To. Lo.* Who told you so Sir ?

Saul : Good Sir haue a care,

Young Lo. Peace, or ile tucke your tongue vpto your roose, What money ? speake.

Moreer : Six thousand pound sir.

Capt : Take it, has overbidden by the Sunne : bind him to his bargaine quickly.

To. Lo. : Come strike me lucke with earnest, and draw the writings ? *Mo.* There's a Gods peany for thee.

Saul : Sir for my old masters sake let my farms be excepted, if I become his tenant I am vndone : my Children beggers, and my Wife God knowes what : consider me deare sir ?

Moreer : Ile haue all or none.

To. Lo. All in, all in : di patch the writings. *Exit with Com.*
Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou were wiser.

Saul . Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascall ; would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am vtterly vndone ; now he that caught thee to deceiue and couf- foun, take thee to his mercy ; so be it. *Exit Saul*.

Moreer : Come Widdow come, never stand vpon a Knight- hood, 'tis a meete paper honour, and not prooife enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee —

Wid : To answer in short, 'tis this sir. No Knight no Widdow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Ladie, and so I take my leaue.

Mo. Farewell sweet Widdow, and thinke of it. *Ex. Wid.*
Wid. Sir, I doe more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame fit.

Moreer :

The Scornefull Lady.

Mo. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and lay I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidie, & so by consequence should prove a Coxcombe: He haue a care of that. Sixe thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS, 3. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Abigail, and drops her Glove.

Abigail: If he but follow me, as all my hope stels me he's man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Enter Walford.

Wel: This is the strangest pampered pece of flesh towards fistie, that ever frailtie cope withall, what a trim *lunoy* heere shee has put vpon me: these wosten are a proud kind of Catell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they will not sticke to make thair very skins Bawdes to their flesh. Heeres dogskin and florax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to do with it, beside nayling it vp amongst fifti heads of Teere, to shew the mightineſſe of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your Glove.

Abig: Not Sir, if you haue found it.

Wel: It was my meaning Lady to restore it,

Abig: Twill be vncouill in me to take backe a fauour, Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel: I had rather weare a bell. But harke you Mistresse, What hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would haue me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the toothake? Or these red tops; being steeped in white wine soluble, will't kill the Itch? or has it so conceald a providence to keepe my hand from bonds? if it haue none of these, and prooue no more but a bare Glove of halfe a Crowne a paire, twill be but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwayes; faith lets draw cuts on: will doe me no pleasure.

Abig: The tendernes of his yeares keepes him as yet in ignorance,

The Scornefull Lady.

norance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stirre no higher; but this his want of company: I must grow neerer to him.

Enter El. Lenesfie disguised.

Elder Lo. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: this is somewhat rude, to you came you hither?

Elder Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what businesse haue you here?

Elder Lo. More I beleue then you haue.

Abig. Who would this fellow speake with? art thou sober?

Elder Lo. Yes, I come no hers to sleepe.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

Elder Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentle-

Wel. Art thou no more? (man,

Elder Lo. Yes, more then thou darst be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou doest not come to quarrell?

Elder Lo. No, not with women; I come to speake here with

Abig. Why I am one. (a Gentlewoman?)

Elder Lo. But not with one so gentle:

Wel. This is a fine fellow,

Elder Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come ouer, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine Sir. Lady if there be a better of your sexe within this house, say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

Elder Lo. Your way youl be too good, pray end my businesse. This is another Sutor, O frail woman!

Wel. This fellow with his blunenesse hopes to doe more then the long suites of a thofand could; though he bee lowre hee's quicke, I muſt not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new calkt; goe and bee hanſome, and then you may fit with her Seruymen.

Elder Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Gueſſe by my outside.

Elder Lo. Then I take you Sir, for some new filken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that shall (when you come to) keepe good company) bee bearein into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistres.

Abig. How

The Scornefull Lady.

Abig: How many lieshaft thou, that thou talk'ft thus
rudely?

Elder Lo: But one, one, I am neither Cat or Woman.

Wel: And willthar one lise Sir maintaine you cuer in such
bold sawciness?

Elder Lo: Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are, and
be no worse for wearng, shall I speake with this Lady?

Abig: Noby my troth shall you not,

Elder Lo: I must stay here then?

Wel: That you shall not neither.

Elder Lo: Good faire thing tell me why?

Wel: Good angry thing ile tell you:

This is no place for such companions,
Such lousie Gentlemen shall find their busynesse
Better i'ch Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,
Ming'ed with lees of Ale, shall recke infashion:
This is no Thames street Sir.

Abig: This Gentleman informes you truly:
Prethee be satisfied, and seekethe the Suburbs,
Good Capaine, or what ever title else,
The warlike Eele boats haue bestow'd vpon thea,
Goe and reforme thy selfe prethee bee sweeter,
And know my Lady speaks with no such swabbers.

Elder Lo: You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you picke from playes, goe too, I haue found yee:
And for you, Sirtender whose gentle blood
Runnes in'our nose, and makes you frusse at all,
But three pil'd people, I doest you know,
He that begot your worships fatten fute,
Can make no men Sir: I will see this Lady,
And with the reurence of your silken ship,
In these old Ornamente.

Wel: You will not faire.

Elder Lo: Sure Sir I shall,

Abig: You would be beaten out?

Elder Lo: Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who shall beate me? this good Gentleman
Lookes as hee were o'th peace.

Wel: Sir you shall see that: will you get you out?

The Scornefull Lady.

Elder Lo: Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,
Dare you fight, I will stay here still. They draw.

Abig. O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake,
Madam; Iesuſ they foine at one another,
Madam, why, who is within there? Enter Lady.

Le. Who breeds this rudenesſe?

Wel: This vnciuill fellow;
He sayes he comes from ſea, where I beleeue,
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady: Why what of him?

Wel: Why he will rudely without once God blesſe you,
Preſſe to your priuacies, and no deniall:
Muſt ſtand betwixt your perſon and his buſineſſe;
I let goe his ill Language.

Lady: Sir, haue you buſineſſe with mee?

Elder Lo: Madam ſome I haue,
But not ſo ſerious to payne my life for't:
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you
Such Knights o'th ſonne as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to ye, you may liue,
But in what fame?

Lady: Pray ſtay Sir, who haſt wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though vnciuilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I thinkes he did no honour, to deny
The haſt I come withall, a paſſage to you,
Though I ſeeme course.

Lady. Excuse me gentle Sir, twas from my knowledge,
And haue no protection. And to you Sir,
You haue ſhew'd more heate then wit, and from your ſelfe
Haue borrowed power, I never gaue you bere,
To doe these wild vnanmanly things; my house
Is no blind ſtreet to swagger in; and my fauours
Not doting yet on your vñknowne deserts
So farre, that I ſhould make you master of my buſineſſe;
My credit yet, flands faireſt with the people
Then to be tried with ſwords; And they that come
To doe me ſervice, muſt not thinke to winne me
With hazard of a murther; if your loue

The Scornefull Lady.

Confest in fury, carry it to the Campe,
And there in honour of some common Mistreſſo,
Shorten your youth, I pray be better temper'd:
And giue me leaue a while Sir?

Wel. You muſt haue it.

Exit Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your businelle?

Elder Lo. First, I thankē you for ſchooling this yong fellow,
Whom his owne follies, which are prone enough,
Daily to fall into, if you but frownē,
Shall leuell him away to his repenteſce:
Next, I ſhould raile at you, but you are a Woman,
And anger's loſt vpon you.

Lady: Why at me Sir?

I neuer did you wrong, for to my knowledge
This is the firſt fight of you.

Elder Lo: You haue done that,
I muſt confeſſe I haue the leaſt curse in
Beſeue the leaſt acquaintance: But there bee
(If there bee honour in the mindes of men)
Thousands when they ſhall know what I deliuer,
(As all good men muſt ſhare in't) will to shame
Blaſt your blacke memorie.

Lady: How is this good Sir?

Elder Lo: Tis that, that if you haue a Soule will choake it:
Y'auē kild a Gentleman.

Lady: I kild a Gentleman!

Elder Lo: You and your crueltie haue kild him womane:
And ſuch a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose leaſt worth weighed aboue all womenſ vertues
That are; I ſpare you all to come too: gueſſe him now?

Lady: I am ſo innocent I cannot Sir.

Elder Lo: Repent you meane, you are a perfect woman,
And as the firſt was, made for mans vndoing.

Lady: Sir, you haue miſt your way, I am not ſhee.

Elder Lo: Would he had miſt his way too, though he had
Wandered farther then women are illſpoken of,
So he had miſt this miferie, you Lady.

Lady: How doe you doe Sir?

Elder Lo: Well enough I hope.

The Scornefull Lady.

While I can keepe my selfe out from temptations.

Le. Pray leape into this matter, whacher would yee?

Elder Lo: You had a Servant that your peccishnes
Injoined to trauaile.

Lady: Such a one I haue

S i !, and shold be grieved twere otherwisse.

El. Lo: Then haue your asking, and be greev'd he's dead;
How you will answere for his worth, I know not,
But this I am sure, eyther he, or you, or both
Were starke mad, else he might haue liv'd
To haue giv'n a stronge testimony to th' world
Of what he might haue beene. He was a man
I knew but in his euening, ten Sunnes after,
Forc'd by a tyrant forme our beaten Barke,
Bulg'd vnder vs ; in which sad parting blow,
He call'd vpon his Saint, but not for life,
On you vnhappie w. oman, and whilst all
Sought to preferue their Soules, he desperatly,
Imbrac'd a waue, crying to all that see it,
It any liue, goe to my Fate that forc'd me
To this vnamely end, and make her happie :
His name was *Louelesse* : And I scap't the forme,
And now you haue my busynesse.

Le. Tis too much.

Would I had beeene that forme, he had not perisht.
If youle raille now, I will forgiue you Sir ?
Or if youle call in more, if any more
Come from this ruine I shall justly suffer
What they can say, I doe confess my selfe
A guiltie cause in this. I would say more,
But grieve is growne too great to be delivered.

Elder Lo: I like this well: these women are strange things.
Tis somewhat of the last now to weepe,
You shold haue wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd with those teares at home.

Le. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had
bee'n his sea.

Elder Lo. Trust me you moue me much : but say hee liv'd,
These were forgotten things againe,

Lady.

The Scornefull Lady.

Lady. I say you so? Sure I should know that, for this is knavery. Ile fit you for it: Were he living Sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, I, and confess we are not all so ill as your opinion holds vs. O my friend, what penance shall pull I vpon my fault, vpon my most vnworthy selfe for this?

Elder Lo. Leave to loue others, 'twas some iealousie That en: d him desperate.

Lady. Ile be with you straight: are you wrung there?

Elder Lo. This workes a mine vpon her.

Lady. I doe confess there is a Gentleman Has boorne me long good-will. *E. Lo.* I do not like that.

La. And vow'd a thousand seruices to me; to me, regardles of him. But since Fate, that no power can withstand, h'as taken from me my first, & best loue, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly. I will shew you what I determine Sir: you shall know all: Call M. Welford there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaff imbraces keepe aliue the memory of my lost louely *Loue*; for she is some what like him to. *Elder Lo.* Then you can loue,

Lady. Yes certainly Sir? Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruell, I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

E. Lo. I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Enter Welford.* *Wel.* Would you haue spoke with me Maddam?

La. Yes M. *Wel.* and I aske your pardon before this gentleman for being froward; this kisse, & henceforth more affectib.

E. Lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a suddaine passion, God hold it. This fellow out of his feare sure ha's

Perswaded her. Ile give him a new suit on't,

La. A parting kisse, and good Sir, let me pray you To waite me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world, Maddam where you please. *Ex. W.*

E. Lo. I will to Sea, an't shall goe hard but ile be drown'd in-

La. Now Sir you see I am no such hard creature. (deed But time may wiane me.

Elder Lo. You haue forgot your lost Loue,

La. Alas Sir, what would you haue me do? I cannot call him back againe with sorrow; ile loue this man as dearely, & be-

The Scornefull Lady.

shrow me, Ile keepe him farre enough from Sea, and twas told
mee, now I remember mee, by an old wise woman, that my first
Lone should be drown'd, and see tis come about.

Elder Lo. I would she had told you your second should be
hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith sir, consider all, and then I know youle be of my
minde: if weeping would redeeme him, I would weepe still.

Elder Lo. But say that I were *Loneleffe*,
And scap'd the storme, how would you answer this?

La. Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

Elder Lo. This young thing too?

Lady. That young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would loose my state.

Elder Lo. Why then hee liues still, I am he, your *Loneleffe*.

La. Alas I knew it sir, and for that purpose prepared this Pa-
geant: get you to your taske. And leaue these Players tricks,
or I shall leaue you, indeed I shall. Trauaille, or know me not.

Elder Lo. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promise, take your choise. Farewell.

Elder Lo. There is no other Purgatorie but a Woman.
I must doe something.

Exit Loneleffe.

Wel. Mistresse I am bold. *Enter Walsford.*

Lady. You are indeed. *Wel.* You so ouerjoyed me Lady?

Lady. Take heed you surfe not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you leue me extremely.

Lady. By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never finde it. (on't

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall haue more

Wel. I must kide you. *La.* No sir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

Lady. What must be, must be; he takes my leaue, you haue
your parting blaw: I pray commend me to those few friends
you haue, that sent you hither, and tell them when you tra-
uaile next, 'twere fit you brought lesse bramerie with you, and
more wit, youle never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith. Will you eat sir, your horses will be readie
straight, you shall haue a napkin laid in the butterie for yee.

Wel. Do not you loue me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel.

The Scornefull Lady.

W_{el}: It is a good one Ladie.

L_a: Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

W_{el}: Me thinkes yours is none of the best Ladie,

L_a: No by my troth Sir; yet o'my conscience,
You would make shift with it.

W_{el}: Come pray no more of this?

L_a: I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring
out the Gentlemen's horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold
meats on the Table.

W_{el}: I have too much of that I thank you Ladie: take your
chamber when you please, there goes a blacke one with you

L_a: Farewell young man,

Exit Ladie. (Ladie,

W_{el}: You haue made me one. Farewell and may the curse of
a great hou're fall vpon thee, I meane the Butler. The diuell &
all his works are in these women, would all of my sex were of
my minde, I would make vnn a new Lent, and a long one, that
flesh might be in more reverence with them. *Ent. Abig. to him.*

Abig: I am sorie M. Welford. W_{el}: So am I, that you are here.

Abig: How does my Ladie vse you?

W_{el}: As I would vse you, scurilie.

Abig: I shoulde haue bene more kind Sir?

W_{el}: I shoulde haue bene vndone then. Pray leau me, and
looke to your sweet meates; haue, your Ladie calls?

Abig: Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

W_{el}: Y'are nothing but off noe, for Gods loue leau me.

Abig: Tis strange my Ladie shoulde be such a tirant?

W_{el}: To send you to mee, 'Pray goe stich, good doe, y'are
more trouble to me then a Tearme.

Abig: I do not know how my goodwill, if I said loue I lied
nor, shoulde anie way deserue this?

W_{el}: A thousand waies, a thousand waies; sweet Creature
let me depart in peace.

Abig: What Creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

W_{el}: A hundred I thinke by your noise.

Abig: Since you are angrie Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am
a woman, and a ribbe,

W_{el}: Of a roasted horse,

Abig: Conserue that?

W_{el}: A Dog can doe it better; Farewell Conserue, and com-
mand me to your Ladie, tell her sh'e proud, and scurie, and

The Scornefull Lady.

So I commity you both to your temper. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. Wif.

Wel. Auoyde old Satanus: Goe danbe your ruines, your face lookes souler then a storne: the Footeman stayes you in the Looby Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I shold know it by your gentle condicions? are these fit words to giue a Gentlewoman?

Wel: As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my hores, Farewell old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horne else. *Exit Welford.*

Abi. The blessings of a Prodigall young heire be thy companions *Welford*, marry come vp my Gentleman, are your gums growne so tender they cannot bise? A skittish Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a packfaddle. And I doubt not (if my aime hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail.*

Enter Young Louelesse and Comrades, Morecraft, Widdow, Savil, and the rest.

Capt. Sane thy braue shoulde, my young puissant Knight, and may thy backe Sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee not, thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let Land and labour fit the man that tills, thy sword must be thy plough, and loue it speed. *Morecraft* shall sweat, and *Mahomes* shall fall, and thy deare name fill vp his monument.

To. Lo. It shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

Mor. Captaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

Capt. Thou shalt haue heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wile lend mee money. I am a man of Garrison be rul'd and open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy euill angels passe againe, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*. Ile woo thy *Portia* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meates, and make her apt.

Mo. Pardon me Captaine y're beside my meaning.

Young Lo. No M. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captaines meaning I should prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or prouoke her, Speake my *moderne* man, I say prouoke her.

Port. Cap. I say so too, or stir her to it. So sayes the Criticks.

To. Lo. But howsouer you expound it sir, she's very welcome and

The Scornefull Lady.

and this shall serue for witness. And widow, since you are come so happily, you shall deliuer vp the keyes, and free possession of this house; whilist I stand by to rat his.

Wid. I had rather give it backe againe bekeue me,

'Tis a miferie to say you had it. Take heed.

Yong Lo. 'Tis paille that Widdow, come, sit downe; some wine there, there it is a scurie banquet if we had it. All this faire House is yours Sir. S. will?

Yong Lo. Are your keyes readie, I musteare your burden.

S. am readie Sir to be vndone, when you shall call me to't.

Yong Lo. Come come, thou shalt live better.

S. I shall haue leise to doe, tha's all, there's halfe a dozen of my friends i' th fields Sunning against a bank, with halfe a breech among 'em. I shall bee with 'em shortly. The care and continuall vexation of being rich, este 'vp this rascall. What shall become of my poore familie, they are nofheepe, and they must keepe them-selues.

Yong Lo. Drinke Master Morecraft pray be merric all a week Nay and you will not drinke there's no tochtir, Captaine speake loud, and drinke to widdow, a word.

Cap. Exposad herthroughly Knight. Here God a gold, her's to thy faire possessions; Bee a Barron and a bold one: leue off your tickling of young heires like Troas, and let thy Chimaines smoke. Feed men of war, live and be honest, and we fau'd yet.

Me. I thanke you worthie Captaine for your counsell. You kepe your Chimaines smoking there, your nofrels, and when you can, you feade a man of Warre, this makes you not a Barron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be fau'd, let the Clarke o' th companie (you haue commanded) haue a iust care off.

Poet. The man is much mosed. Be nof angrie Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure bee a short turie, and goe our. You haue spoke home, and bitterly, to me Sir: Capaine take truce, the M.fer is a tart and a wittie whorson.

Cap. Poet you faine perdic, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tonge filis his mouth like a neatf-tongue, and only serues to liche his hungry chaps after a purchase; his braines and brimstone are the diuels diet to a fat vinters head: To her Knight, to her: Cap her aboard, and blow her. Wheres the braue Steward.

The Scornefull Lady.

Sam'l. Here's your poore friend, and *Sam'l Sir?* ife, this bo

Cap. Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature, First in thy face thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and sauing face, a rich face, pawn it to the Vfurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sam'l. Tis such I dare not shew it shorthly sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Seward: Master Morecraft, Drinke to this man of reckoning?

Morec. Here's e'ne to him:

Sas. The Dinell guide it downward: would there were in't an acre of the great Broome field he bought, to sweepe your durtis conscience, or to choake yee, tis all one to me Vfurer.

Young Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, vnape for worldly busines: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and break her better meditations, in the bare bosome of a brase of Angels? or a new kirtell, though it bee Satten? Eat by the hope of surfers, and lie down only in expectation of a morrow, that may vndo some easie hearted foole, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returnes the principall, and get out of these troubles, a constaing heire: For such a one must follow necessarie, you shall die hatred, if noe old and miserable; and that pessile wealth that you got with pining, lie to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, then you to his coosenage.

Wi. Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begun here!

To. Lo. Tis yet time. Be merric, we thinks you want wine there, there's more i' th house: Captaine, where rests the heath?

Cap. It shall goc round boy!

To. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not preesse you further: yet looke vpon him: there's nothing in that hidebound Vfurer; that man of mat, that all decaid, but aches: for you to loue, vniess his perisht lungs, his drie cough, or his scuruit. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet, he has yet past cure of Phisicke, spaw, or any diet, a primative pox in his bootes; and a'my knowledge hee has beeene ten times rowell'd iye may loue him; he had a basiard, his own toward illnes,

whipt

The Stormefull Lady.

whipe, and then crop for washing out the rose s, in three farthings to make vni pence.

Wid. I do not like these Morals?

To. Lo. You must not like him then? *Enter Elder Lo.*

Elder Lo. By your leue Gentlemen?

To. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman, & if you please these friends here we are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has beeene kept warme Sir?

Elder Lo. I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wife too.

To. Lo. Pray M. Morecraft know my elder brother, and Captaing doe you complement. Sanill, I dare fweare is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

Morec. This mony must be paide againe Sir?

To. Lo. No sir, pray kepe the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors measures & I am well I thanke you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has strew'd him in his owne Sawoe, I shall loue him for't.

Sa. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcomest man alive; vpon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismaldrinking, swearing, & whoring, that has almost made me mad: We haue all liu'd in a continuall Turneball, fress; Sir blest bee Heaven, that sent you safe againe, now shall I eat and goo to bed againe.

Elder Lo. Broth'rendismiss these people?

To. Lo. Captaing be gon a while, meet me at my old Raudenbush in the evening, take your small Poet with you. M. Morecraft you were best goo prattle with your leuarne Councell, I shal preserue your mony, I was easew'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

Wid. Better and better till *Elder Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Young Lo. The thiftie Visuer that lopt my Land off:

Elder Lo. What does he carrie for?

To. Lo. Sir to be Landlord of your house and stace, I was hold to make a littl' Sale sir.

Wid. Am I ouer reach'd if there be Law ile hamper yee.

Elder Lo. Prothoo be gone, and rane at home, thou art so base a foole I cannot laugh at thee; Sirrah, this comes of cezning, home and spare, eate reddish till your aise your sum againe. If you stirre

The Scornefull Lady.

Farre in this, He haue you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligenc
ing o'th pillorie & your goods forfeit: you are a stale couzener,
leauet my house: no more

Mor. A poxe vpon your huse. Come Widdow, I shall yet
hamper this young Gamester.

Wi. Good twelue i'ch hundred keepe your way, I am not for
your dier, marric in your o'ne tribe few, and get a Broker.

To Lo. Tis well said Widdow: shill you jogg on Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will goe, but tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild Foole and a Woman,
May I lend gracie, and build Hospitals.

To Lo. Nay good sir, make all cu[n]her: 's a widdow wants your
good word for me. She's rich, and may renue me and my fortunes.

Eid. Lo. I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is
a poore distressed younger brother.

Wid. You dachim wrong sir, hee's a Knight.

Ei. Lo. I aske you mercie: yet tis no matter, his K[night]hood is
no inheritance I take it: whatsoeuer he is, he is your Seruant, or
would be Ladie. Faith bee not mercilesse, but make a man; he's
young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his ob[st]ructi-
on may deserve your loue: he shall not fall for meanes.

Wi. Sir, you speake like a worthy brother: and so much I doe
credit your faire language, that I shall loue your Brother: and so
loue him, but I shall blush to say more.

Ei. Lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not like to know that
houre when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide,
but ile giue no distaite to your faire Mistris. I will instruct her in't
and sh[ould] doe't: you haue bin wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

To Lo. Sir every day now Spring comes on.

Eid. Lo. To vosa good Mr. Sa[n]ctuare and your Office, thus much I
haue to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your owne
Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent growne in
both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir Sa[n]ctuare?

Sa. Good Sir consider who you leſt me too.

Ei. Lo. I leſt you as a curb for, not to prouoke my brothers fol-
lies: where's the best drinke, now? come tell me Sa[n]ctuare; where's
the soundest whores? Y'cold he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Bal-
lion, muſt you be leading in my huse your whores, like Fairies
dance their night rounds, without feare either of King or Con-
stable,

The Scornefull Lady.

stable, within my walies ? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheepe
ynfold yet ? I hope my plate is currant, I haue much on't. What
say you to 300. pounds in drinke now ?

Sauil. Good Sir forgiue me, and but heare me speake ?

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldest be drunke still, and not speake
'tis the more pardonable.

Sauil : I will Sir, if you will haue it so.

El. Lo. I thanke ye : yes, e'ne pursue it Sir : doe you heare ? get a
whore foone for your recreation : goe looke out Captaine Broken-
breach your fellow, and quarrell if you dare : I shall deliver these
keyes to one shall haue more honesty, though not so much fine
wit Sir. Yea may walke and gather Cresses far to coole your liuer :
there's something for you to begin a diet, you'll haue the poze
else. Speed you well, Sir Sauil : you may eate at my house to pre-
serve life ; but keepe no fornications in the stables. Ex sun pr. Sa.

Sa. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will looks for't,
Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now :
I will run mad first, and if that get not pitty,
Ile drown me selfe, to a most dismall dirty.

Ex Sauil.

Finis v. Allm Terry.

ACTVS, 4. SCENA, I.

Enter Abigailius.

Abigail Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age
brought thee : to what a scurvie Fortune ? thou that haft beeene
a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of thole times
for Gentlemen : now like a broken Seruicingman, must begge for
fauour to those, that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my
Chamber but for an appition of me : you that be comming on,
make much of fifteene, and so till fife and twentie : vse your time
with reverencie, that your profits may arise : it will not tarry with
you Ecce signum : here was a face, but time that like a surfeit eates
our youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw vni for't, has beeene
a litte bolder here then welcome : and now to say the truch, I am
fit for no man. Old men i'th boose of fiftie, call me Granam ; and
when they are drunke, e'ne then, when *lone* and my Ladie are all
one, not one will doe me reason. My little Leuite hath forsaken

The Scornefull Laay.

me, his siluer sound of Cyttorne quite abolish; his dolefull byme
vnder my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well
foole, you loopt a Haddocke when you left him: he's a cleane
man, & a good Edifier, & twoky nobles is his state de clare, besides
his pigges in posse. To this good Homiliſt I haue beeeno euer stub-
borne, which God forgiue me for, and mend my manners: and
Loſſe, if euer thou hadſt care of fortie, of ſuch a pece of lape
ground, heare my prayer, and ſet his zeale ſo farre forth that my
faulſs, in this renewed impreſſion of my loue, may ſhew corrected
to our gentle reader.

Enter Roger.

See how negligently he paſſes by me: with what an Equipment
Canonicall, as though he had broken the heart of Bellarmine, or
added ſome thing to the ſinging Brethren. Tis ſcorne, I know it,
and deforue it. M. Roger.

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is Roger,

Abig. Then gentle Roger? Rog. Vngentle Abigail.

Ab. Why M. Roger will you ſet your wit to a weake woman?

Rog. You are weake indeed: for ſo the Poet ſangs,

Abig. I doe confeſſe my weakenesse (sweet Sir Roger).

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gen-
tlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leane your prating, you
haue a ſeaſon of your firſt mother in yee: and ſurely had the diuell
beene in loue, hee had beene abuſed too: goe Dalida, you make
men fooles, and weare ſigge breeches. *

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weake in-
firmities of women: theſe are fit texts, but once there was a
time, would I had never ſene thofe eyes, thofe eyes, thofe Orient
eyes.

Rog. I they were pearles once with you.

Abig. Saving your reuerence Sir, ſo they are ſtill.

Rog. Nay, nay, I doe beſeech you leane your cogging, what
they are, they are, they ſerve me without Spectacles I thankē vñ.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I doe not thinkē I can,

Y'are like a Coppy-hold with nine liues in't.

Abig. You were wont to beate a Christian ſcarfe about you:
For your owne worſhips ſake.

Rog. I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a
dance you led me? how I grow quam'd in loue, and was a dunces
goold

The Scornefull Lady.

could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stirre you put me in, I prayed for my owne issue. You doe remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were?

Rog. I thanke you for it, surely I will be wiser. *Abigail.* and as the Ethnicke Poet singes, I will not loose my oyle and labour too, Y'are for the worshipfull I take it *Abigail.*

Abig. O take it so, and then I am for thee?

Rog. I like these teares well, and this humbling also, they are Symptomes of contrition. If I shold fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not sic me scurily againe, and give me poufers with purging Com- ferts in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast beene harder to me, then a long pedigree.

Abig. O Curate cure me! I will loue thee better, dearer, longer: I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maime house, hold to thy reformation. My Ladie shall looks louingly on thy learning, and when true time shal point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penny caftards, and thy tithe goode shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall rectifie this fauillill kille, and haue a great care Mistris *Abigail* how you deppesse the Spirite any more with your rebukes and moakes; for certainerly the edge of such a follie cuts it leke.

Abi. O Sir, you haue pierc'd me thorow, Here I vow a reu- tation to those malitious faults I euer did against you. Neuer more will I despise your learning, neuer more pin cards & cunny tales vpon your Callock, neuer againe reproach your reverend night-cap, and call it by thy twangie name of mutrin, neuer your reverend perlon more, and say you look like one of *Zals* Priests in a hang- ing, neuer againe when you say grace laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; neuer cramp me more, nor when you ride, get Sope and Thittles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be cor- rected and amend'd, as by the tenour of my teares appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I shold be hang'd, I must cri too. Come to thine owne belou'd, and doe eu'en what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigail*. I am thine owne for euer: heere's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady, and Marke.

La. Why.

The Scornefull Laay.

La. Why how now Master Roger, no prayers downe with you to night? Did you heare the bell ring? You are courting: your fyncke shall sat well for it.

Ro. I humbly aske your pardon; Ile clap vp Prayers (but stay a little and be wi h you againe, Ex. Roger. Ens. El. Lo.

La. How dare you being so vnwarthie a fellow, Presums to come to moue me any more?

Elder Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ailes the fellow?

Eld. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you I tell you Ladie I would not for your Land, be such a Coxcome, such a whining Alice, as you decred me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to heare you are wise, 'tis a rare Lewell In an Elder Brother: pray be wiser yet?

El. Lo. Me thinkes I am very wise: I doe not come a wooing Indeed Ile mone no more loue to your Ladiship.

La. What make you here then?

El. Lo. Only to see you and be merry Ladie: that's all my busynesse. Faith lets be very merry. Where's little Roger? he's a good fellow: an houre or two well spent in wholsome mirth, is worth a thousand of these paling passions. Tis an ill world for Louers, Lady: They were never fewer.

Elder Lo. I thank God there's one leffe for me Ladie?

La. You were never any Sir.

Elder Lo. Till now, and now I am the prettieſt fellow.

La. Yout alke like a Tailor Sir.

El. Lo. Me thinkes your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wife. Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

Elder Lo. A Hogs face lout is worth a hundred of you.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons Ladie?

La. Tis well you will allow vs our Cleargie yet.

Elder Lo. That ſhall not ſaue you. O that I were in loue againe with a wife.

La. By this light you are a curtie fellow, pray be gone.

Eld. Lo. You know I am a cleaneſt kind man,

La. Doe I know it?

Eld. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not

The Scornefull Lady.

not a snap, never long for't, not a snap dcre Ladie.

L. Harke ye Sir, harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse
flesh for such hounds: will you goe Sir?

E. L. Lord how I lou'd this woman, how I worshipt this pret-
tie ca'e with the white face here: as I liue, you were the prettiest
foole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would talke:
Lord how it talk't; and when I angred it, it would cry out, and
scratch, and eate no meate, and it would say, goe hang.

L. It will say so still, if you anger it.

E. L. And when I askt it, if it would be married, it sent me of
an errant into *Fraser*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

L. Sir this is most vnmanly pray be gone?

E. L. And sware (eu'en when it twiter'd to be at me)
I was vnhansome.

L. Hiu'e you no manners in you?

E. L. And say my back was melted, when God the knowes,
I kept it at a charge: Fou're *Flaunders* Mares, would haue beene
easier to me, and a Fencer.

L. You thinke all this is true now?

E. L. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you,
But to much for our mirth: Now haue at you in earnest.

L. There is enough sir, I desire no more?

E. L. Yes faith, weele haue a cast at your best parts now,
An' then the Diuell take the worl'.

L. Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your com-
dations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay you at the Ordinary.

E. L. E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone; You are a wo-
man, and the proudest that euer lou'd a Coach: the scornefullst,
souriest, and most fenselesse woman; the greediest to be prai'd,
and neuer mou'd, though it be grosse and open; the most envious,
that at the poore fame of another's face, would eate your owne,
and more then is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of such a
selte opinion, that you thinke none can deserue your gloue; and
for your malice, you are so excellent, you might haue beene your
Tempters tutor: nay, neuer erie.

L. Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

E. L. You shall before I leaue you.

L. Is all this spoke in earnest?

E. L. Yes, and more as soone as I can get it out.

The Scornefull Lady.

Ls. Well out with't. El. Ls. : You are let me see.

Ls. One that has vs'd you with too much respect,

El. Ls. One that hath vs'd me (since you will haue it so) the bes-
t, the most Foot-boy-like, without respect of what I was, or
what you might be by me; you haue vs'd me, as I would vs a lade
ride him off's legs, then turne him to the Commons; you haue
vs'd me with discretion, and I thanke ye. If you haue many more
such pretty Servants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are
old, pray keepe vrn for shame.

Ls. I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

El. Ls. Will you haue more on't?

Ls. : No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part, you are no Louer then?

El. Ls. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

Ls. Why the Gods amend all.

El. Ls. Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found
ith world, to be in loue with such a froward woman: if there be
such, th'are mad, /one comfort vrn. Now you haue all, and I as new
a man, as light, and spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through
another creature. O tis braue to be ones owne man, I can see you
now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and never kisse
your hand: heare you sing, and never fall backward: but with as
fer a temper, as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thanke you, I can
now keepe my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for
Scarves and Waftcoats: and keept my hand from Mercers sheep-
skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my
two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteen pence againe: I
can my Ladie.

Ls. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let mee
speake a little priuate with you I must not suffer this.

El. Ls. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not rauish me? Now, your set speech?

Ls. Thou perjur'd man.

El. Ls. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine exordiam?
And why I pray you perjur'd?

Ls. Did you not sweare a thousand thousand times you lou'd
me best of all things?

El. Ls. I doe confess it: make your best of that.

Ls. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. Ls. Nay.

The Scornefull Lady.

Eld. Lo. Nay Ile sweate it,
And giue sufficient reason, your owne vsage.

Lo. Doe you not loue me now then? *Eld. Lo.* No faith,

Lo. Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

Eld. Lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

Lo. Doe not denie your hand for I must kisse it, and take my
last farewell; now let me die so you be happie?

Eld. Lo. I am too foolish: Ladie, speake desyre Ladie.

Lo. No let me die.

She fwoynes.

Ma. Oh my Sister! *Abi.* O my Ladie, helpe, helpe,

Mar. Run for some Rojasolus?

Eld. Lo. I haue plaid the fine asse: bend her bodie, Ladie, best,
dearest, worthiest Ladie, heare your Servant: I am not as I shew'd:
O wretched foole to fling away the leuell of thy life thus. Guc
her more aires, see she begins to stir, sweete Mistris heare me!

Lo. Is my Servant well? *Eld. Lo.* In being yours I am so.

Lo. Then I care not.

Eld. Lo. How do ye reach s'chaire there; I confess my fault not
pardonable: in pursuing thus vpon such tendernes my wilfull er-
ror; but had I knowne it would haue wrought thus with ye, thus
strangely; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my best
Ladie)anie word spoke to my end disturbe your quiet peace: for
sooner shall you know a generall raine, then my faith broken. Do
not doubt this Mistres, for by my life I cannot liue without you.
Come, come, you shall not greeve, rather be angrie, and heape in-
fliction on me: I will suffer. O I could curse my selfe, pray smile
vpon me. Upon my faith it was but a tricke to trie you, knowing
you lou'd me dearely, & yet strangely that you would neuer shew
it, though my meanees was all humilitie.

Abi. Ha, ha.

Eld. Lo. How now?

Lo. I thank you faire foole for your most faire plot; this was
a faire plot, a faire deuise to haue caught Dottres with a good
fenceflesse Sir, could you imagin I should fwoyne for you, and
know your selfe to be an arrant asse? I, a disouered one. Tis quit
I thank you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to fwoyne againe?

Abi. Ha, ha, ha.

Abi. Step to her Sir, see how she changes colour.

Eld. Lo. Ile go to hell first, and be better welcome,

The Scornefull Lady.

I am fool'd, I doe confess it, finely fool'd,
Ladie fool'd Madam, and I thanke you for it.

La. Faith tis not to much wottth Sir :
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
Ile have a stronger noote to hold the Woodcocke.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Eld. *Lo.* I am glad to see you merrie, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you sir, ha, ha.

Lo. Pray Sister doe not laugh, youle anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,
That Schoole-boyes had cooz:ned of his Apples,
As loud and fencelesse ?

E. *Lo.* I wll not raile.

Mar. Faith then lets heare him Sister ?

El. *Lo.* Yes, you shall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then ?

Eld. *Lo.* No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile haue him Sainted : blowes will not doe it.

La. By this light heele beate vs.

Elder Lo. You doe deserue it richly,
And may live to haue a Beadle doe it.

Lo. Now he railes ?

Elder Lo. Come scornefull Folly,
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. *Lo.* The worste are good enough for such a triffe,
Such a proud pece of Cobweblawne.

Lady. You bite Sir ?

El. *Lo.* I would till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar. We had best muzzell him, he growes mad.

El. *Lo.* I would twere lawfull in the next great sicknes to bane
the Dogs spared those harmeleſſe creatures, and knocke ichthead
these hot continuall plagues, women ; that are more infectious.
I hope the state will thinke on't.

Lady. Are you well Sir ?

Mar. He lookes as though he hr'd a greeuous fit ath Collick.

El. *Lo.* Greens ginger will cure me ?

A big. Ile heate a trencher for him.

Eld. *Lo.* Dury December doe, Thou with a face as old as Erra

The Scornefull Lady.

Pater. such a Prognosticatingnoſe: thou thinſt that ten yeareſ ſince haſt leſt to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Baſd; and thy dry bones can reaſh at nothing now, but gōds or dīne- piſſes, pray goe fetch a trencher goe:

Lady. Let him alone, ſi crackt:

Abie. Ile ſee him hang'd fi ll, is a beaſtly fellow to viſe a wo- man of my breedi g thus; I marri y is a: would I were a man, ide make him eat his Knaues words?

El. Le. Tie your ſhe Octer up, good Lady folly, ſhe dinkes worse then a Bearebaiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

Eld. Le. Goe paint and purge, callin your kennell with you: you a Lady?

Abig. Sirra, looke to't againſt the quarter ſeſſions, if there be good behauour in the world, ile haue thee bound to it.

El. Le. You muſt not ſeeks it in your Ladies hoaſe then; pray ſend this Ferret hom', and ſpinne good *Abigall*. And Madam, that your Ladifhip may know, in what baſe maner you haue vs'd my ſervice, I doe from this houre hate thee hartily; and though your folly ſhould whip you to repenſance, & waken you at length to ſee my wrongs, tis not the indeauour of your life ſhall winne me; not all the friends you haue interceſſion, nor your ſubmiſſiue letters, though they ſpoke, as many teares as words; nor your knees growne to the ground in peniſtence, nor all your ſtate, to kiff you; nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall if you dye thus; ſo farewell. When I am married and made ſure, Ile come and viſit you againe, and vexe you Ladie. By all my hopes Ile bee a torment to you, worle then a tedious winter. I know you will reaſent and ſue to mee, but ſane that laboar: Ilerather loue a feuer and continuall thirſt, rather contraſt my youth to drinke and ſacerdote & pou quarrels, or take a drawne whore from an Hoſpitall, that time, diſeales, and *Morony* haſe eaten, then to be drawne to loue you.

Le. Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

El. Le. From thee, faſe dice, lades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliuer me. *Ex. Eld. Le.*

Le. But harke you Seruant, harke yee: is hee gone? call him againe:

Abi. Hanghim Padocke,

The Scornefull Laay.

La. Art thou here still? slie, slie, and call my Servant, slie or
nere see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit againe then see that rascall, but I must
doe it.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolery
is this in a woman, to vse those men most frowardly they loue
most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly serued. I hope is
not so much himselfe, to take it to th' heart: how now? will hee
come backe?

Ent. Abig.

Abig. Neuer he sweraes whilſt he can heare monſay ther's any
woman liuing: he ſwore he would haue firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as I could Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to
loue being abſent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse
him. There's another way if you could hit on't.

La. Thou laift true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to
him, ide be loth he ſhould ſleepe in's anger.
Women are moft ſooleſſe when they thiſke th'are wiſeſt.

Ex. OMNES.

Musick. Enter young Louelesſe and Widow going to be
Married: with them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray ſir eaſt off theſe fellowes, as vnaſſitting for your bare
knowledge, and farre more your compaie: iſt fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are ſhould beare the name of friends? and furniſh out
a ciuill house? y'are to be married now, and men that loue you
muſt expect a courſe far fro your old carrier: If you will keepe v'm,
turne v'm to th' ſtable, & there make v'm groomeſ: and yet now, I
conſider it, ſuſh beggars once ſet a horſe back, you haue heard wil
ride, how farre you had beſt to looke to.

Cap. Heare you you that muſt be Ladie, pray content your ſelſe
and thiſke vpon your carriage ſoone at night, what dressing will
beſt take your Knight, what waſcote, what cordiall will do well
i' th' morning for him, what triers haue you?

Wid. What doe you meane Sir?

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him vp: if he ſtart well, ſcare not
but crie Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceave his
wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, iſ fleet, neare
doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir,

The Scornefull Lady.

Wid. Sir, you here these fellowes?

To. Lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions:

Wid. To one another let y^m bee companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be ciuill and slip off the e base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be ciuill, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Reasens shall perswade the Captaine to liue a Coxecombe with him; let him be ciuill and eat i^t ch^e Arches, and see what will come ont.

Poet. Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him; I, that's the next way. I will not take (if hee bee ciuill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him; bee ciuill? there's a trimme perswasion.

Cap. If thou bee~~ft~~ ciuill Knight, as *Some* defends it, get thee another nose, that will be puld off by the angris boyes for thy conuercion: the children thou shal^t get on this Ciuilian cannot inherit by the law, th^tare *Ethmicks*, and all thy sport meere Morall lecherie: when they are growne hauing but little in y^m, they may prooue Haberdashers, or grosse Grocers, like their deare Dummie the re: prethee be ciuill Knight, in time thou maist reade to thy houhhold; and bee drunke once a yeare: this would shew finely.

To. Lo. I wonder sweet heart you will offer this, you doe not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pitby: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but Corne and Water. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Competencie of two Hennes.

Wid. If you can easit so Sir, you haue my liking? if they eate lessie, I shoul^d not be offend^d: But how these Sir, can liue vpon so little as Corne and Water, I am vnbelleuing.

To. Lo. Why prethee sweet hart what's your Ale? is not that Corne and Water my sweet Widdow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight where's the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

Young Lo. In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate Drinke, and Cloth; These are no rauening Footemen, no fellowes, that at Ordinaries dare eate their eightene pence thriee out before they rise, and yet goo hungrie to play and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din,

which

I he Scornefull Lady.

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and bee confi'de to a Boat-maker, then live amongst such rascals; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweate if they but smell hot meate. Porreage is poison, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew vnt but a Fetherbed they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keepest their bodie cleare, and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an apple, which is more aere and of subtill nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little eatie: For like strict men of order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubbornetale; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rashes, they are indowne: when they are sick, that's dranke, they may haue fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparell, tis worne out to the diet; now they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angrie: scarce to be recei'ld againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet once in a yare, which is modesty befitting my poore friends: you see their Wardrobe, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Louſie they will be when they list, and Mangie, which shewes a fine variety: & then to cure em, a Tanners limepit, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may be cur'd for 3. pence.

Wid. You haue halfe perswaded me, pray vſe your pleasure: and my good friends sir ce I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall haue Ale.

Cap: We aske no more, let it be mighty Lady: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on vs.

To. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in bowles.

Exodus.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS, 5. SCENA, I.

Enter Elder Lonesto.

Elder Lone: This fencelſle wōman vexes me to th' heart, ſhee will not from my memory: would ſhee were a man for one two hours, that I might beate her. If I had beeene vnhanleme, old or jealous,

The Scornefull Lady.

jealous, I'had bin an even lay she might haue scorn'd me; but to be young, & by this light I chinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, and strong backe; meanea and manners e-
gall with the best cloth of siluer Sir i'ch kingdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas:
Sore she has some Meaching rascall in her house, some hindre, that she bath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt vpon
his backe, and sing with't, thrash all day, and ith euening in his
stockings, strike vp a Hornepipe, and there stinke two houres, and
bere a whit the worse man; these are they, these steele chind rasc-
als that vndoe vs all. Would I had bee a Carter, or a Coach-
man, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speake with you:

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leauo Sir.

Eld. Lo. You are welome, what's your will Sir?

Wel. Haue you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I doe not much rememb're you.

Wel. You must Sir, I am that gentleman you pleasd to wrong,
in your dis guise, I haue inquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed sir if I wrong'd you, Pray where
and when?

Wel. In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I doe rememb're you, you seem'd to bee a Suter to that
Ladie?

Wel. If you rememb're this, doe not forget how scurvily you
vs'd me: that was no place to quarrell in pray you thinke of it;
If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vrging,
else I must prouoke yee:

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a woman, I will not haue
her in my cause, she's mortall and so is not my anger: if you haue
brought a Nobler Subiect for our Swords, I am for you: in this
I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd
you, tis so far from my profection, that amongst my feares, to doe
wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abused, / nos
by our selues, for that I hold a spleene, no finne of malice, / and
may with man enough bee left forgotten. / but by that wilfull,
scornefull peice of hatered, that much scornefull Lady: For whose

The Scornefull Lady.

sake, if we should leave our reason, and runne on vpon our sence; like Rams: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and despise vs, fixing vpon our desperate memories the never. worne out names of Fooles, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes me tell you; In this I had rather helpe you Sir, then hore you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you rede me her lost name euerie day, and find her, cut new honours with your Sword, you shall but be her mirth as I haue beene.

Wl. I aske you mercie Sir, you haue tan my edge off: yet I would faint be evn with this Ladie.

El. Lo. In which ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two Sisters, rich alike; only the elder has the prouder dowrie: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am sencelesse: doe but follow my councell, and ile pawn my Spirit, we louer reach em yet; the meanes is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you I can o: keepe her out, she's entered Sir:

El. Lo. It is the waitingwoman pray be not feene: srrha hold her i: discourse a while: harke in your eare, goe, and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the p[ro]iect.

Wl. I care not which I haue.

Enter Wiford.

El. Lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady Gwinne what newes with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray leave these frumps Sir, and receive this letter.

El. Lo. From whom good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good soule, shee cries and takes on?

El. Lo. Do's she so good Soule? wod she not haue a Cawdle? do's she send you with your fine Oratricie goody *Tilly* to tie mee to beliefe againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tiller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then haue you cast, and hung vp ich warren.

Abig. I am no beast Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull; what will you say now?

Abig. Nothing not I;

El. Lo.

The Scornefull Lady.

E. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Ab. Vnlesse you'll heare me with more moderation, I can speake
wile enough.

E. Lo. And loud enough will your Lady loue me?

Ab. It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you
are such another man.

E. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not bee:
ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistres mad?

Ab. For you she will bee, tis a shame you should vs a poore
gentlewoman so vntowardly; she loues the ground you treadon;
and you (hard heart) because shee icest with you meane to kill
her; tis a fine conquest as they say;

E. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide
yet, that thou canst crie? I wod haue sworne thou hadst bee
touchwood fwe yeaire since; Nay let it raine, thy face chops for
a shower like a drie Dunghill.

Ab. He not indure this Ribauldrie; Farewell i th diuels name; if
my Ladie die, ile be sworne before a fury, thou art the cause on't.

E. Lo. Doe Maukin doe, deliuere to your Ladie from me this:
I meane to see her, if I haue no other busynesse: which before ile
wante to come to her, I meane to goe lecke birds nests: yet I may
come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I thinke
how to rail vildly at her; how to vex her, and make her crie so
much, that the Phisition if shes fall sicke vpon't, shall want vrine
fiade the cause be: and she remedile die in her heresie: Farewell
old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make potgunes on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God blesse my iſſue from thee.

E. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that
makes thee hobble so; you must be ground i th breech like a top,
youle ne're spin well else: Farewell Pytchocke. Exeunt,

Enter Lady alone.

Lo. It is not strange that euerie womans will shoule tracks
out new wayes to diſturb her felte? if I shoule call my reaſon
to accompt, it cannot answer why I keepe my felte from
mine owne wiſh; and stoppe the man I loue from his; and e-
very houre repent againe, yet ſtill go on: I know tis like a man
that wants his naturall ſleepe, and growing dull would glad-
ly giue the remnant of his life for two houres rest; yet through
his frowardneſſe, will rather choose to watch another man,

The Scornefull Lady.

Drowsie as hee, then take his owne repose. All this I knew i yet
a strange peuiishnes and anger, not to haue the power to do things
vnexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather
die: sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people
thinke I loue, and doot with oates, and am in earnest then: O
what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such
things as we command. How now? what newes?

Ab. Faith Madam none worth hearing. *Enter Abigale.*

La. Is he not come? *Ab.* No truely.

La. Nor has he wriit?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

La. Why, but what saies he?

Ab. Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

Ab. First at your Letter he laught extreameley?

La. What in contempt?

Ab. Hee laught monstrous lond, as hee woulde die, and when
you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to pro-
uoke him that way: and hauing done he cried alasse for her, and
violently laught againe.

La. Did he? *Ab.* Yes till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? why were thou angry? he did doe but well,
I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vnfit man for any one
to loue, had hee not laught thus at me: you were angry, that
show'd your folly; I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere
he did before: but said he nothing else?

Ab. Many vncertaine things: hee said though you had mocked
him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so
much fauour as to see you: yet he said, hee knew you rash, and
was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was
bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truely I doe feare there is a making vp
there: for I heard the seruants, as I past by some, whisper such a
thing: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or
three Clarkes writing great conuayances in hast, which they said
were for their Mistris ioynter.

La. Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and
reasonably thinkes, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks,
for euer ere he be married.

Ab. At

The scornefull Ladie.

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are cal'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where we are grac't, & give respect there wher we are respected: yet we practise a wildercourse, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to givc vs a negle^ct: then wee, too late, perceiue the losse of what we might haue had, and dote to death. *Enter Martha.*

Ma. Sister yonders your servant, with a gentlewoman with him

La. Where? *Mar. Close at the doore.*

La. Ah las I am vndone, I feare he is betroch'd.

What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill favoured one, with her Ma' que on: And how her face shold mend the rest I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stusse then mine was.

Enter Eld. Louesffe, and Welford in Womans apparel,

La. Now I see him, sit my hart swell not againe (away the w^m mans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let me

Eld. By your leave here.

La. How now, what new tricke invites you hither?

Ha' you a fine deuice againe?

Eld. Faith this is the fynest deuice I haue now:

How dost thou sweete heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please, You my deare Louer. I nor can, nor will, Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

Eld. O thy sweete temper: what would I haue givcn, that Lady had becene like thee: seest thou her? that face (my loue) joynd with thy humble mind, had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend: I vse no paint, nor any drugs of Art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing haue you brought to shew vs there? doe you take money for it?

Eld. A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my Mistres: in whom there is no passion, nor no scorne: what I will, is for law; pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kill her for halfe my wealth.

'The Scornefull Lady.'

El. Lo. Why? why pray you?

You shall see the do's afore you; looke you.

Lo. Now fie vpon thee, a beast would not have don't, I wold not kisse thee of a moneth to gaine a Kingdome.

El. Lo. Marrie you shall not be troubled.

Lo. Why was there euer such a *Mag* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures; for what are shape and colours else, but pictures? in that tawnye hide there li's an endles masse of vertues, when all your red & white ones wane.

Lo. And this is she you are to marrie, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

Lo. God give you joy. *El. Lo.* Amen.

Wel. I thanke you, as unknowne for your good wish.
The like to you when euer you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

Lo. You thanke me? I pray
Keppel your breath nearer you, I doe not like it.

Wr. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much less a Ladie of your worthie parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, Sweet?

Lo. I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,
Thus vgly; sure she's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sygne?

Wel. O Sir beleue not this, for heauen so comfort me as I am
free from foule pollution with anie man; my honour tane away, I
am no woman.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest Soule; I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare
her tender heart will break with this reproach; fie that you know
no more ciuitie to a weake Virgin. Tis no matter Sweet, let her
say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at
all; be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor; Me thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd,
Is this the busynesse that you send for me about?

Ma. Faith Sister you are much to blame, to vse a woman, what-
soe're she be, thus; ile talute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thanke you.

El. Lo. Milde yet as the Doue, for all these iniurie's. Come shall

we

The Scornefull Lady.

wee goe, I loue thee not so ill to keepe thee here a scornefull Gooke.
Aduo to the worlds ends.

El. Lo. : Why whither now?

El. Lo. : Nay you shall never know, because you shall not find

El. Lo. : I pray let me speake with you.

El. Lo. : Tis very well: come.

El. Lo. : I pray you let me speake with you.

El. Lo. : Yes for another mocke.

El. Lo. : By heauen I haue no mockes: good Sir a word.

El. Lo. : Though you deſtrue not to much at my hands, yet if
you bee in ſuch earnest, Ile ſpeake a word with you: but I be-
ſeech you be briefe: for in good faith there's a Parlon and a licence
ſtay for vs i' th Churche all this while: and you know tis night.

El. Lo. : Sir, graue me hearing patiently, and whatſoever I haue here-
tofore ſpoken iestingly, forgiue: for as I hope for mecy any where,
what I ſhall vter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

El. Lo. : Well, well, what doe you meane?

El. Lo. : Was not I once your Milles, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. : O'tis about the old matter.

El. Lo. : Nay, good Sir ſtay me out; I would but heare you excuse
your ſelfe, why you ſhould take this woman, and leau me.

El. Lo. : Prethee why not, deserues ſhe not as much as you?

El. Lo. : I thinke not, if you will looke

With an indifferencie vpon vs both.

El. Lo. : Vpon your taces, tis true: but if iudicially we ſhall cast
our eyes vpon your mindes, you are a thouſand women other in
worth: ſhe cannot ſound in ieft, nor ſet her louer taskes, to new
her peeuifhnes, and his affeſtions: nor croſſe what he laies, though
it be Canonicaſ. ſhe's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I
will haue her, and bring me lustie boyes to throw the Sledges, and
lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, ſhe's farre beyond you: what
can you doe in a hoaſhold to prouide for your iſſue, but ly a bed
and get v̄m? your busynesse is to drefſe you, and at idle houres to
eate; when ſhe can doe a thouſand profitablen things: ſhe can do
prettie well in the Paſtrie, and knowes how pullen ſhe ſhould haue
cram'd, ſhe cuts Cambriek at a thrid: weavens bone-lace, and quiltis
bals; And what are you good for?

El. Lo. : Admit it true, that ſhe were farre beyond me in all respects,
doe that giue you a licence to forſwear your ſelfe?

El. Lo. For

The Scornefull Lady.

El. Lo. Forswore my selfe, how ?

La. Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue
uttered in disclaiming all for wiues but mee : Ile not remember
you : God giue you loy.

El. Lo. Nay but conceiue mee, the intent of oathes is euer un-
derstood. Admit I shoul'd protest to such a friend, to see him at his
lodging to morrow : Diuines would neuer hold me perjur'd, if I
were stooke blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could
not finde him : so there were no crooke act of mine owne in't. Can
it be imagined I meane to force you to mariage, and to haue you
whether you will or no ?

La. Alas you need not. I make already tender of my selfe, and
then you are forsworne.

El. Lo. Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall vpon mee,
as whosoever deales with women shall never vitterly avoid it : yet
I would chuse the least ill, which is to forsake you, that haue done
mee all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemned my seruice,
and would haue held mee prating about mariage, till I had beene
past getting of children : then her that hath forlookt her family,
and put her tender body in my hand, vpon my word.

La. Which of vs swore you sick to ?

El. Lo. Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then.

El. Lo. I prethee doe not urge my sinnes vnto me,
Without I could amend v'm.

La. Why you may by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her ?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction,
Tis an error fit for repentence onely.

El. Lo. Shall I liue to wrong that tender hearted virgin so ? It
may not be ?

La. Why may it not be ?

El. Lo. I swere I had rather marry thee then her : but yet
mine honestie ?

La. What honestie ? Tis more preserved this way :
Come, by this light servant thou shalt, lie kisse thee on't.

El. Lo. This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie vnder it.

La. There is no sinne at all, this but another.

El. Lo. O my heart.

Mar. Helps

The Scornefull Lady.

Mar. Helpe Sister, this Ladie swonnes.

El. Lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet minde lies not in any woman: I shall doe a most vngodly thing. Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaid me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your owne Minister to your owne Chappell, Ile wed you and to bed.

Lo. A macth deare servant.

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for alther iniuries, such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you goe, as sliely as you think to steale away: yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may liue to be an aged paire. All curstes on me if I doe not speake what I doe wish indeed.

El. Lo. If I can speake to purpos to her, I am avillaint.

Lo. Servant a way.

Mar. Sister, will you marrie that inconstant man? thinke you he will not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a Ladie thus, lookt she like dirt, twas basely done. May you neare prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was vnworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, to good for him. I would not see your wedding for a world.

Lo. Chuse chuse come Tong. *Ex. Lo. El. Lo. & Tong.*

Mar. Drie vp your eies for looth, you shall not thinke we are vacant, all such braffs as these. Would I knew how to giue you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No let me suffer truly, thise I desire.

Mar. Pray walke in with me, Tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I will I could but doe you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:

God grant I may but liue to quit your loue.

Exodus.

Enter Tong, Lounleffe and Sausili.

To. Lo. Did your Master send for me Sausili?

Sa. Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

To. Lo. Doe you know the busynesse?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am I employed beyond my

houres.

The Scornefull Lady.

hours of eating. My dancing dayes are done Sir.

To. Lo. What art thou now then.

Sa. If you consider me in little, I am with your worships reu-
rence Sir, a rascal: one that vpon the next anger of your brother,
must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell swiches; My wife is
learning new Sir to weare inckle.

To. Lo. What dost thou meane to doe with thy children *Samill*

Sa. My eldest boy is halfe a rogue already, he was borne bur-
then, and your worship knowes, that is a prettie step to mens
capassions. My youngest boy I purpose Sir to bind for ten yeeres
to a Jaoler, to draw vnder him, that he may shew vs mercy in his
function.

To. Lo. Your familie is quartered with discretion: you are re-
solved to Cant then: where *Samill* shall your sceane lie.

Sa. Beggers must be no choosers.

In every place (I take it) but the stokkes

To. Lo. This is your drinking, and your whoring *Samill*,
I told you of it, but your heart was heardned.

Sa. Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, I do remem-
ber yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that
passion Sir, you broke out thus: Thou miserable man, repente, and
brew three strikes more in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke
now, and the time can carry for no man.

To. Lo. Y'are growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can
cleare your head better then mustard. Ile be a tutor for your keyes
againe Sir.

Sa. Will you but be so gratioues to me Sir? I shall be bound.

To. Lo. You shall Sir:

To your bands againe, or Ile misse foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Sause you Gentleman, sause you.

To. Lo. Now Polecat, what yong Rabets nest haue yon to draw?

Mor. Come, prethee bee familiar Knight.

To. Lo. Away Foxe, Ile send for Tercios for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee companie.

To. Lo. I am about some busynesse; Indentures;

If ye follow me Ile beate you: take heed,

As I like Ile canell your Coxcombe,

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no visuer:

Whar.

"The Scornefull Lady.

What poore fellow's this?

Sr. I am poore indeed Sir.

Mor. Give him money Knight.

To. Lo. Doe you begin the offering.

Mor. There poore fellow, her's an angell for thee.

To. Lo. Art thou in earnest Moorecraft?

Mo. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and slangst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchasd, wrung, & wierdraw'd, for my wealth, lost, & was cozend: for which I make a vowe, to tri all the waies about ground, but Ile find a constant meanes to riches without curses.

To. Lo. I am glad of your conuersion Master Moorecraft.

Yare in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gillants now, Ile keep thee company; Her honest fellow, for this Gentleman's sake, ther's two angels more for thee.

Sr. God quite you Sir, and keepe you long in this mind.

To. Lo. Wilt thou perseuerre

Mor. Till I haue a penny, I haue braue cloathes a making, and two horses: canst thou not helpe me to a match Knight, Ile lay a thousand pound vpon my crop-eare.

To. Lo. Foote, this is stranger then an Affricke monster, There will be no more talke of the Cleane warres Whilst this lasts, comes, Ile purthee into blood.

Sr. Would all his damb'd triba were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of my Keyes; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilist Ile pray for both your worships.

To. Lo. He shall Sir,

Mor. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would faine be acquainted.

To. Lo. Ile be your seruant Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Eld. Loneleffe and Ladit.

Eld. Lo. Faith my sweete Ladit, I haue caught you now, mauger your subtleties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

Ladit. Prethee sweete heart tell me.

Eld. Lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozened meereley. I haue cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer Welsford.

Ladit. It cannot be so.

Eld. Lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mislake, marke how she

The Scornefull Lady.

bloufhes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell now
ha, ha, ha.

Le. Prethee sweet hart be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart.
El. Lo. Ile please you soone a gaine. *Le.* Welford.

El. Lo. I Welford, hee's a yong handsome fellow, well bred and
landed: your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better then
by this time.

Le. Vds foot am I feeth ouer thus?

El. Lo. Yes ifaith.
And ouer shall be feeth agine, never feare it.

Le. I must be patient, thought it tortore me:
You haue got the Sunne Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

Le. But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should
haue hunted three traines more, before you had come to toth'
course, you should haue hanckt o'th bridle. Sir, ifaith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you vp.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake Sir, be private in this busynesse,
You haue vndone me else. O God, what haue I done?

Wel. No harme I warrant thet.

Mar. How shall I looke vpon my freinds againe?
With what face.

Wel. Why en'e with that: tis a good one, thou canst not finde
a better: looke vpon all the faces thou shal se there, and you shall
 finde vpon smooth Gill, faire still sweet still, and to your thinking
 honest; those haue done as much as you haue yet, or dare do
 Mistres, and yet they keepe no stirre.

Mar. Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on:
If you be seene thus, I am lost for euer.

Wel. Ile wach you for that Mistres: I am no foole, here will I
tarry till the house be vp and wittesse with me.

Mar. Gooddeare freind goe in.

Wel. To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here till ther
bee notice taken what I am, and what I haue done: if you coul
iuggle me into my woman-hood againe, and so eog me out of your
company, all this would be forsworne, and I againe an asinego,
your Sister left me. No, Ile haue it knowne and publisht; then I
you.

The scornefull Ladie.

you'le be a whore, forsake me & be ashamed: when you can hold no longer, marry some cast *Cleane Captains*, & sell Bottell-ale.

Mar. I dare not say sir, vse me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Goe in, He make vp all.

El. Lo, Ile be a witnes of your naked trueth Sir: this is the gentlewoman, prethee look vpon him, this is he that made me break my faith sweet: but thanke your Sister, she hath sodred it.

La. What a dall ass was I, I could not see this wencher from a wench: twentie to one, if I had beeene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a shery tricke too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo, I would hane watcht you sir, by your good patience, for territing in my ground.

La. You have beeene with my Sister. *Wel.* Yes to bring.

El. Lo, An heire into the world he meaneas.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I haue had my part on't: I haue beeene chafit this three houres, that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, Ladie, for mine owne part, I haue found so sweete a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. Lo, How like you this d.fh, *Welford*, I made a supper on't, and fed so hearilly, I could not sleepe,

La. By this light, had I but iented out your traine, ye had st. pt with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or els the bed-post, for anie wite yee had got this twelue-month yet: I would haue vext you more then a try'd post-horse; and bin longer bearing, t. E ouer after-game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were vnmarrid again.

El. Lo, Lady I would not vndertake yee, were you againe a Haggard, for the best cast of sore Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were euer ticklefooted, and would not trusse round?

Wel. Is she fast? *El.* Lo, She was all night lockt here bay.

Wel. Then you may lure her without feare of loosing: take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceived I was a man: but I thanke God I satisfied her scrupule, without the parson oth'towne.

El. Lo, What did ye?

The Scornefull Lady.

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd gueſſe at it I ſee it by her.

La. Well you may mocks vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but ſcenes into you, you ſhould haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your iſch.

Wel. I thanke you Lady, ~~methought it was well,~~
You are ſo curioſe.

Enter Tong Louleſſe, his Lady, Morecraft, ſunill
and two Servaſtmen.

El. Lo. Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

To. Lo. Good morrow brother and all good to your Lady.

Mo. God ſue you and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie how this ſhames me.

Mo. Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of beere.

Ser. I will Sir.

To. Lo. Brother what make you here? Will this Lady do?

Will ſhee? is ſhee not nettle'd ſtill?

El. Lo. No. I haue cur'd her.

M. Welford, pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

Wel. Sir I ſhall long to loue him.

To. Lo. I ſhall not be your debtor Sir. But how iſt with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be man: I am married: your new acquaintance hath her ſitter and all's well.

To. Lo. I am glad ont. Now my prettie Lady Sister.
How doe you find my brother?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

To. Lo. I will make the better husband: you haue tried him?

La. Against my will Sir.

To. Lo. Hee'le make your will amends ſoone, doe not doubt it.
But Sir I muſt intreat you to be better knownne
To this conuerted leſſe here

Ser. Here's Beere for you Sir.

Mo. And here's for you an angell:
Pray buy no Land, twill never prosper Sir.

El. Lo. Now's this?

To. Lo. Bleſſe you, and then Ile tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant?

To. Lo. I Gallant, and is now called, Cuttling Morecraft:

The scorefull Ladie.

The reason ile informe, yon at more leisore.

Wel, O good Sir let me know him presently.

To, Lo, You shall hug one another.

Mo, Sir I must keepe you companie, El, Lo, And reason.

To, Lo, Cutting Moorecraft faces abour, I must present another

Mo, As many as you will Sir, I am for ym.

Wel, Sir I shall doe you seruice.

Mo, I shall looke for'z in good faith Sir,

El, Lo, Prethee good sweet heart kille him.

La, Who, that fellow?

Sa, Sir will it please you to remember me: my keyes good Sir.

To, Lo, He doe it presently.

El, Lo, Come thou shal kisse him for our sportfase.

La, Let him come on then; and doe you heare, do not instruct.

me in these trickes, for you may repent it,

El, Lo, That at my perill, Lusty M', Moorecraft.

Here is a Ladie would salute you.

Mo, She shall not loole her longing Sir: what is she?

El, Lo, My wife Sir,

Mo, She must be then my Mistres,

La, Must I Sir? El, Lo, O yes, you must,

Mo, And you must take this ring, a poore pawn,

Of some fiftie pound.

El, Lo, Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull pris,

La, Sir I shall call you seruant,

Mo, I shall be proud on't: what fellowes that?

To, Lo, My Ladie Ccoachman,

Mo, There's someting, (my friend) for you to buy whips,

And for you Sir, and you Sir,

El, Lo, Under a miracle this is the stranglest,

I euer heard of.

Mo, What shall we, play, or drinke? what shall we do,

Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds,

Wel, Stranger and Stranger, I

Sir you shall find sport after a day or two,

To, Lo, Sir I haue a fute unto you

Concerning your old servant Sam'l,

El, Lo, O, for his keyes, I know it,

Sa, Now Sir, stricke in.

Mo, Sir

The Scornefull Lady.

Mor. Sir I must haue you grant me,

El. Lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe :
But harke you *Sauill*, leue of the motinos,
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe :
Ile trie you once more.

Sa. If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'ch bunch, and open
My head with it Sir : I humbly thanke your worshipes.

El. Lo. Nay then Hee we must keepe holiday, *Enter Roger, & Abigail.*
Heeres the last couple in hell.
Re. Joy be among you all.

La. Why now now sir, what is the meaning of this emblem ?

Ro. Marriage an't like your worship.

La. Are you married ?

Ro. As well as the next priest could doe it, *Madam.*

Eld. Lo. I thinke the signes in *Gomisse*, heer's such coupling,

Wals. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweete
heart to night ?

Ro. Not the best benifice in your worshipes gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swels.

To. Lo. How many times to night Sir *Roger* ?

Ro. Sir you grow fearelous t
What I shall doe, I shall doe : I shall not need your helps,

To. Lo. For honest flesh *Roger*.

El. Lo. Come prethee be not angry, tis a day
Giuen holie to our mirth.

La. It shall be so sir : Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreate to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welsford get you to the Church : by this light,
You shall not lie with her againe, tilly'eare married,

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a pece and it shall goe hard,
But every one a lewell : Come be mad boyes.

El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning : come who leads ?
Sir *Roger*, you shall haue the *Vass*. lead the way :
Would every dogged wench had such a day,

Exeunt.

FINIS

